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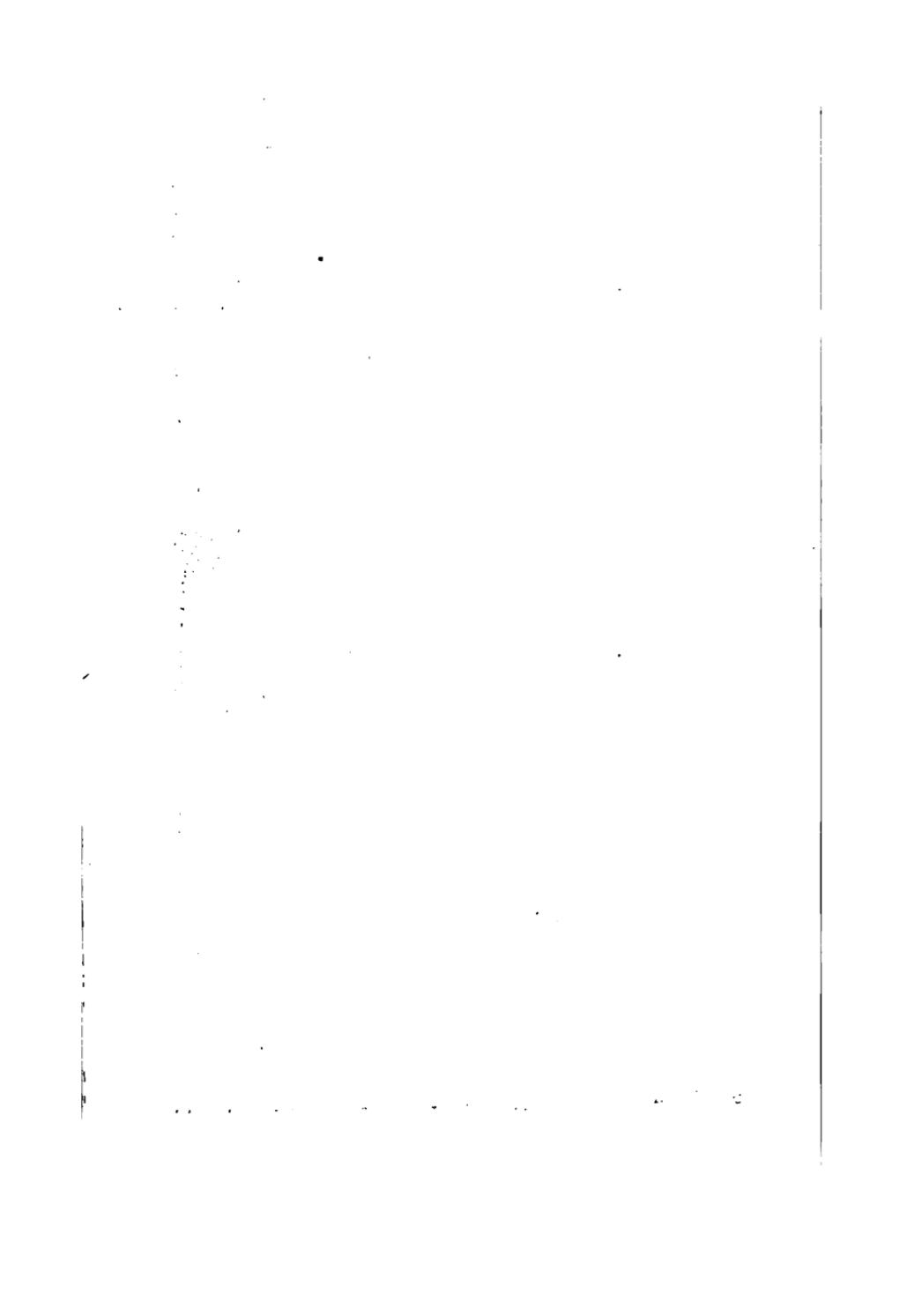
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POEMS.

BY

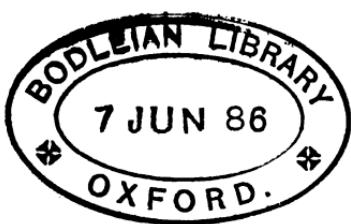
HARRIETT STOCKALL.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:
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1886.

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TO

CHARLES DICKENS

SON AND NAMESAKE OF

ENGLAND'S GREAT NOVELIST,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED,

IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF MUCH KINDNESS.

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POEMS.

(SECOND SERIES.)

**Many of the following poems have appeared in ALL THE
YEAR ROUND and HOUSEHOLD WORDS, and are here reprinted
by the kind permission of Charles Dickens, Esq.**

IN A GARDEN

(SECOND SERIES).

"How strong they are, those subtle spells
That lurk in leaves and flower-bells,
Rising from faint perfumes;
Or mingling with some oiden strain,
Strike through the music notes of pain,
And people empty rooms."

(From IN A GARDEN, First Series.)

I.

LAUREL.

 PICTURED face, in frame of gold,
Large, tender eyes, and forehead bold,
And firm, unflinching mouth;
A face that tells of mingled birth—
The calmness of the northern earth,
The passion of the south !

The one face in the world to me,
The face I never more shall see
Until God's kingdom come !
Oh, tender eyes ! oh, firm strong lips !
What comfort in my life's eclipse ?
What succour ? Ye are dumb !

IN A GARDEN.

I brought the blossoms of the spring
To deck my true love's offering,
While he was far away :
With rose's bloom, with pansy's grace,
I wreathed the well-belovéd face ;
I have no flowers to day !

But laurel, laurel for my brave,
My hero lying in his grave
Upon that foreign sod !
He passed amid the crash of guns,
Beyond the farthest sun of suns,
A kingly soul, to God !

He died upon the battle-field,
He knew not, he, to fly nor yield,
Bold Britain's worthy son !
And I will wreath his laurel crown,
Although the bitter tears run down—
I was his chosen one.

He lovcd his country, so did I;
He parted forth to do or die,
And I—I let him go;
Oh dear, dear land; we gave thee all,
God bless the banner, and the pall,
God help the mourner's woe !

I hear the bells ring loud and sweet,
I hear the shouting in the street,
For joy of victory;
The very children cease their play,
To babble of the victor's bay,
And pennons flutter free.

I hear the vivas long and loud,
As they ride onward through the crowd,
His comrades bold and brave;
The shouts of triumph rend the air,
Oh, he must hear them lying there,
My hero in his grave!

I do not grudge thee, darling mine:
I, the last daughter of a line
Whose warrior blood ran free
Upon the battle-fields of old;
Thou wast not mine to have and hold.
The land had need of thee.

I do not grudge thee; I shall smile
Belovéd, in a little while,
And glory in thy name;
I hold love's laurel in my hand,
But take thou from the grateful land
Thy wreath of deathless fame!

II.

YELLOW CROCUSES.

THE wind has wailed itself to rest,
A watery glory fills the west,
Where drops the dying sun:
Among the trees the thrushes sing,
The finch and blackbird pipe of spring
And gladness new begun.

The sparrow twitters in the eaves,
The lilac shakes her dripping leaves,
New leaves of palest green;
Upon the lawn the daisies grow,
And in the borders all a-row
The crocuses are seen.

Bright flowers and brave! the wind hath blown
All day with ceaseless sob and moan
About your slender forms;
All day each golden head was bent,
While March's passion found a vent
In cruellest of storms.

IN A GARDEN.

?

Yet no gold petals strew the ground,
The old box-borders fenced you round
From wind and driving showers;
The green box-borders, older far
By many a decade than ye are,
My yellow spring-time flowers!

Ye bent full meekly to the blast,
And now the storm is overpast;
The silver drops of rain
Fall from your petals one by one,
As towards the slowly-dying sun
Ye lift your heads again.

Bent, but not broken by the storm,
Ye look again for sunshine warm,
For spring's refreshing breeze;
For busy brown bee fitting by,
For fairy kiss of butterfly,
For music in the trees.

And with to-morrow these shall come,
The sunshine and the wild bees' hum,
The butterfly's white wing;
And my brave golden flowers shall share
With all sweet things in earth and air
The gladness of the spring.

IN A GARDEN.

Ah, bonnie flowers ! ye mind me well
Of that old sorrow which befell
 My heart in early years ;
The storm that vexèd me in my youth,
That shook my faith in love and truth,
 That tained in bitter tears !

But old love fenced me from the blast,
And when the storm was overpast,
 Among life's freshening bowers
I lifted up my drooping head,
And not one tender leaf was shd
 Of love's own golden flowers.

Bent, but not broken by the storm,
I turned me to the sunshine warm,
 And smiled at life again ;
The old box-borders screened the flowers,
Love sheltered' me in those far hours
 From sorrow's wind and rain !

III.

LAURESTINUS.

How empty seems the firelit room,
Where half in glow, and half in gloom
Her life's mute tokens lie;
An open desk, a book laid down,
A mantle dropped, of gold and brown,
The bloodhound watching by.

An easel veiled, and thereupon
Her finished work, a victory won
By months of honest toil:
The fair fulfilment of her dreams
Among her native woods and streams,
Far from the world's turmoil.

Beside the bloodhound's mighty jaw
Her flower has dropped; with tender awe
I mark the hardy spray
Of laurestinus, glossy green,
White flowers and tiny buds between,
All pink as unblown May.

I dare not touch the pretty prize,
O'er-watched by those half-open eyes;
But looking on the flower,
It seems most meet that she should wear
This blossom, blown in winter air,
And washed by winter's shower.

No rose for her of ruddy hue,
With thorns to pierce, as love's thorns do.
Or steep the soul in sense;
No lily trembling on its stem,
However meet such diadem
For her white innocence.

But this bright, hardy evergreen
That holds its blossoms white and clean
Above the dark, damp mould;
That shows alike to sun and shower
Its glossy leaf, its pearly flower,
Through all the winter cold.

It asks no shelter from the storm;
She seeks no love to keep her warm,
But love of closest kin;
The crown of work, its blessed cares,
The smile of Heaven, the poor man's prayers,
Are all she strives to win.

And so she fares, alone, apart,
Life-consecrate to God, to Art,
 And giving both her best;
She wears, afar from worldly strife,
The blossom "of a blameless life"
 Upon her quiet breast.

IV.

STEPHANOTIS.

“**N**AY, darling; nay, my bonny girl,
Set free each blossom-prisoned curl,
Lay those white clusters down;
Let silken snood with maiden grace
Hold back the ringlets from thy face,
But not that starry crown.

“Or let some simpler blossom twine
Upon thy forehead, daughter mine,
Blush-rose or lily white;
Or let a simple string of pearls
Gleam girlishly among thy curls,
Upon this festal night.

“But take those waxen blooms away,
Ah, darling! thoughts I cannot stay
Spring in my wakened heart;
Pass on, my sweetest, out of sight,
Take thou thy fill of young delight,
While I sit here apart.”

I hear her flutter down the stair,
I hear the chariot wheels that bear
 From me my peerless maid;
Now, wherefore, should it wake to-night,
That ghost of dead-and-gone delight
 I thought for ever laid?

The air is heavy with perfume,
Out-breathed from that white mass of bloom
 My child laid gently down;
Ah me! an old-time sorrow stirs—
I see on curls as bright as hers
 A stephanotis crown.

Across dark memory's time-worn track
A vision of that face comes back
 That won my boyish heart;
My wife, the mother of my child,
What waves of sorrow wide and wild
 Have set us twain apart!

Yet flesh of flesh, and bone of bone,
She was to me, beloved alone
 Of all earth's womankind;
She ruled me with supreme command;
I put my honour in her hand,
 Love made me wholly blind.

IN A GARDEN.

I kept her from the world apart,
I wore her in my inmost heart
 A pure and perfect pearl;
Ah me ! I doted over-much,
I never thought that shame could touch
 The mother of my girl !

Eve 'scaped not sin in Paradise,
And shall her daughters be more wise ?
 The tale is common now ;
Through flowery downward paths beguiled,
The mother wandered from her child,
 The wife forgot her vow.

Yet on that night of bitter woe
She stayed to kiss her child, I know,
 For by the little bed
I found a waxen-petalled flower,
Torn, haply, in that parting hour,
 From her bright drooping head.

Now if the green grass waves above
Her grave, or if that guilty love
 Still solaces her life,
I know not, I may never know,
Time cannot bridge the floods that flow
 'Twixt me and my lost wife.

Peace, peace, my heart ; be calm, be strong,
The child retrieves the mother's wrong,
Life holds new hopes for thee ;
The white flowers perish in the flame—
So may the past with all its shame
Die evermore for me !

V.

BLACKTHORN.

 HE sleeps ! Ah, welcome spell of rest
To tired hands and brain oppressed !
Her morning task is done ;
With what a soft pathetic grace
The chill March sunbeams kiss her face,
My poor work-wearied one !

I sit me softly by her side,
A little space I may abide,
To watch her breathing free ;
Ah me ! the thin care-sharpened cheek,
The sunken brows, that dumbly speak
Of all she shares with me.

I wooed her from the lap of wealth,
While strong in youth, and proud of health,
I thought the world my own ;
And she, sweet soul, put lightly by
The gauds that charm the worldly eye,
And lived for me alone.

I look upon her sleeping face,
And by her pallid cheek I place
 A tiny blackthorn spray ;
Meet symbol of her joyless life,
For we are conquered in the strife,
 Are beaten in the fray.

The roses of this lower world
Were not for us, the wild winds hurled
 Afar our hopes' young buds ;
And grim misfortune's sullen tide
Swamped all life's landscape far and wide,
 Like February floods.

Ah, trusting heart ! too true to me,
Ah, tender wife ! 'tis hard for thee,
 This round of labour done :
The blackthorn's leafless pearly spray,
Instead of rosy-clustered may,
 And cloud instead of sun.

What ! wakest thou to hear my moan ?
Ah, darling, in thy tender tone
 Lies life's best music yet ;
Though worldly ways are closed to me,
God gave me all in giving thee,
 My heart hath no regret.

IN A GARDEN.

Take thou this little blackthorn spray
I plucked upon my homeward way,
It doth us comfort bring;
Though hope has failed, true love survives,
The "blackthorn winter" of our lives
Leads to eternal spring!

VI.

WHITE VIOLETS.

THE children of her Sabbath school
Plucked them in valleys green and cool,
Before the dew was dry;
And now beside her book of prayer,
Fanned softly by the April air,
The tender blossoms lie.

How fresh they are! how fit to rest
Upon her happy girlish breast,
To nestle in her hair;
White emblems of her sheltered life,
That blooms untouched by worldly strife,
Uncrossed by worldly care.

They seem to cling with conscious love
To broidered kerchief, dainty glove,
Dropped in her pretty hasto
To greet the world-worn weary man,
Who, lingering near her for a span,
Doth purest pleasure taste.

IN A GARDEN.

I watch her guide with tendance sweet
Her aged father's tottering feet
 Along the terraced way;
I watch her face—and sigh the while—
The candid brow, the frank, free smile
 Of maiden in her May.

The peacock screams his quaint delight,
The hounds bound forward in her sight,
 The kitten follows nigh,
The doves coo softly at her call,
Dear queen and lady of them all—
 Now wherefore do I sigh?

It were as meet that I should take
These violets white, and strive to slake
 A furnace with their dew,
As seek to link into my life
Of passionate unrest and strife
 This maiden sweet and true.

It were as meet that I should ask
A saint to share my worldly task,
 As speak to her of love,
Within whose spirit clean and white,
Attuned to innocent delight,
 The childish pulses move.

I touch her kerchief and her glove—
I might have power to fill with love
 Her young untainted heart;
Pass on, my white wood violet!
God give thee love without regrot,
 And joy without a smart;

For not with me do these abide,
A life so wrecked by passion's tide
 I dare not offer thee;
Fulfil thy life with happy hours,
At peace among thy birds and flowers,
 Thou art too pure for me.

VII.

WOOD ANEMONES.

MIST of violets white and blue,
A fringe of fern leaves, washed with dew,
And dried by April's breeze :
A belt of blue-bells all a-row,
And on the tender grass a snow
Of wood anemones.

The wind-swayed branches rise and fall,
The little wood is musical
With dulcet tones and clear,
The hum of bee, the song of bird,
And in the carol's pause is heard
The streamlet running near.

Beneath the spreading woodland trees,
Among the white anemones,
Two children are at play :
The blossoms opening one by one
Their star-like faces to the sun,
Are not more pure than they.

They laugh away the merry hours,
They crown themselves with woodland flowers,
 They mimic bird and bee;
Till one, the graver of the twain,
Holds up, to tell of coming rain,
 A closed anemone.

Ah, sister mine ! through all the years,
Through mists of shed and unshed tears.
 Mine eyes can yet behold
A picture of the sunlit wood,
The snow-white carpet where we stood
 And watched the flowers unfold.

Ah, sister dear ! 'tis meet for thee
To wear the wood anemone
 Upon thy gentle breast :
Thou hast not left life's quiet ways
To follow after gain and praise
 With spirit of unrest.

I had no mind for woodland bowers,
I scorned the simple woodland flowers
 We pulled together then :
But waves of tender memory roll
Full often over my sick soul
 In busy haunts of men.

IN A GARDEN.

And my true nature, finding voice,
Reminds me of thy better choice,
 Thy calm, contented part;
My rose of life hath thorns—thy flower
Is fresh and pure as in the hour
 It blossomed from thine heart.

Ah, my sweet sister, words are vain,
Yet could I stand with thee again
 Beneath youth's budding trees,
I think my heart would freely choose
From out all blossoms of all hues
 Life's wood anemones.

VIII.

CHERRY BLOSSOM.

N silken clusters white as snow,
Like tiny roses drooping low,
The cherry blossoms hang :
The kingly chestnut stands a-near,
Where, through the summer-time last year,
Our own pet linnet sang.

May winds blow softly as we pass
Along the daisy-spangled grass,
And murmur in the trees :
It is a day to set apart
With idle hands and resting heart,
For country peace and ease.

We stand beside the chestnut tree,
Where blossoms bud that soon will be
The glory of the place ;
We make a pause in idle talk
To mark in corners of the walk
The lily's tender grace.

But fairest, sweetest sight of all,
Beside the time-toned mossy wall,
 A double cherry tree,
Dressed out in Spring's own green and white,
Takes all the breath with swift delight,
 As we stand close to see.

The blossom-laden branches make
A tender murmur as I take
 A cluster hanging low;
“They are more beautiful,” I cry,
To one beloved standing by,
 “Than all fair flowers that blow!

“In form as graceful as the rose,
And white as lone untrodden snows,
 They wanton in the wind;
But ah, my heart, the flowers will pass,
Will die unheeded on the grass,
 And leave no fruit behind.”

“And if,” says one, whose life with mine
Flows like a soft harmonious line
 Of some sweet olden song;
“And if the blossoms droop and fade,
And die unheeded in the shade,
 Yet Nature hath no wrong.

“ God gave them life, he fixed their root
For blossom only, not for fruit;
And so He loves to bless,
Not only with the strong right arm
And busy brain, but with the charm
Of perfect loveliness;

“ Now mark the sister cherry-tree,
Where by-and-by red fruit will be,
Her flowers are not so fair;
So one hath beauty, one hath fruit,
And God deals fairly.” I am mute.
I learn a lesson there.

IX.

BLUEBELLS.

Oh me! how many years have flown,
Since I, who wander now alone,
That April morning stood
With my one friend beneath the trees,
While wonderful wild harmonies
Rang through the bluebell wood.

The year was young, the world was sweet,
Our hearts were young, and leapt to greet
The gladness of the day;
No cloud was on the April sky,
We laughed aloud, scarce knowing why,
Along the woodland way.

And like a carpet on the ground,
The azure bluebells all around
In fair profusion grew.
Among the flowers I sat me down,
And wove my friend a dainty crown
Of tender blossoms blue.

I placed the circlet with delight
Upon her forehead smooth and white.
 The azure of her eyes
Might put to shame the bluest flower,
That ever grew in sheltered bower
 Beneath the softest skies.

Ah me, my friend ! my one dear friend,
Our pleasant spring-time had an end,
 We left the fairy ways,
The mystic paths of sweet romance,
The girlish round of song and dance,
 For life's bewildering maze.

Now here, alone, within the wood,
Where in youth's bluebell-time we stood,
 I sit me down to-day,
My heart fresh-stung with sharp regret,
Because thy path from mine is set
 So very far away.

But, dear, my tears are selfish tears,
For God hath blessed thy happy years
 With blessings wide and deep ;
Thy summer came at spring-time's close,
And for thy bluebells, gave love's rose
 For evermore to keep.

IN A GARDEN.

Yea, God hath given thee all the good
Of maiden-time and matronhood,
 Youth's spring and summer's prime;
And now life's reddening autumn leaves
Fall softly on love's gathered sheaves.
 Bound up for winter time.

Friend, if to me when spring-time died,
Was given no glorious summer-tide,
 If never happy May
Succeeded April's shower and sun,
And if, when bluebell-time was done,
 No roses lit my way;

If evermore my heart doth miss
A joy foregone, love's crowning bliss,
 I know the lesson meant;
If wanting stars of earthly love,
I know one brighter shines above,
 And, friend, I am content!

X.

HAWTHORN.

HE SEE her where the budding may
Throws shadows on the grassy way
And flecks her robe of white;
Unseen I watch her as she stands,
With fragrant hawthorn in her hands,
A vision of delight!

She stays, but will not tarry long
To hear the thrush's vernal song,
In blossom-boughs above;
And in my sheltered garden-seat
I, too, can hear the carol sweet
Of songster's happy love.

From out the leaves that shade my face
I watch her in her girlish grace,
The daughter of my friend,
On whose sweet life, for whose sweet sake,
Love hath such precious things at stake,
In whom such heart-ties blend.

My May-day maiden ! thought runs back
O'er that long-trodden, sunlit track,
 My own evanished youth,
When I, like her, was young and fair,
Like her, untouched by worldly care,
 Unscarred by broken truth.

Like her with sunshine on my way,
With scented blossoms of life's may
 Plucked ready for my hand :
Like her, embarked on hope's full tide
For joy's glad port, and by my side
 True love at my command.

But shadows dimmed my summer day,
The blossoms of my early may
 Lie buried in a grave ;
Hope's tide ebbed out afar from port,
And left my little bark the sport
 Of fortune's wind and wave.

Ah well ! the thrush's song is done,
And she steps forward in the sun,
 She comes towards my bower,
To glad my weary, tear-dimmed eys,
To lay before me, as a prize,
 Her sprays of hawthorn flower.

Dear heart ! she brings me more than may—
The sunlight of a far-off day
 Shines on me from her face :
Her heart renews for mine the truth,
The hope and springtide of its youth,
 In all their early grace.

She looks at me with eyes of love
Like those the turf has lain above
 For many a weary day ;
God bless her ! for she brings again,
Across a lifetime's silent pain,
 My unforgotten May !

XL

SWEETBRIAR.

P E W F RAGANT is the summer dusk
With breath of mignonette and musk,
How dear this hour of rest,
When waning twilight fills with gloom
The shadowy corners of the room
Outlooking to the west.

The blue-eyed prattlers who have played
All day in sunshine and in shade
Among the garden bowers,
Have said good-night—I look around
For scattered toys, and on the ground
I see their faded flowers.

Poor blossoms, all too bright to last,
Your summer beauty faded fast
In heat of childish play;
A half-blown rose of crimson hue,
Forget-me-nots of heavenly blue,
A tuft of rosy may :

A branch of sweetbriar—Ah, my heart !
The tender tears unbidden start
 To weary, world-worn eyes ;
I kiss the faded, fragrant spray,
And memories of a bygone day
 Before my vision rise.

How often my lost darling wore
The sweetbriar green, she loved it more
 Than many-tinted bloom ;
It often graced her maiden breast,
Now, planted where she lies at rest,
 It beautifies her tomb.

My little love in days of old !
Youth's morning-hour of rose and gold
 Comes back to me to-night ;
I see her in her girlish grace,
The sunny sweetness of her face,
 Her childish robe of white.

I smell the sweetbriar in her hand,
I see the garden where we stand
 On England's southern shore ;
I hear the rippling streamlet fall,
I hear her laughter musical,
 Now silenced evermore.

IN A GARDEN.

She was too frail for earth's employ,
Too calm and pure for human joy,
 But like the sweetbriar green,
The memory of her gentle life
Makes sweet the years of worldly strife
 That lie our lives between.

Thy life and mine, my little love,
My life below, thy life above,
 God's love shall re-unite :
I kiss the children's faded spray,
My sweetbriar graceth, far away,
 'The land of pure delight.'

XII.

BUTTERCUPS.

SIT and watch my treasure laid
Bencath the snowy hawthorn's shade,
In slumber calm and deep;
The May-day sunbeams glint between
The lattice-work of white and green,
And kiss him in his sleep.

The morning long, across the grass
I heard his little footsteps pass,
In chase of bird and bee;
The morning long, I watched him play,
Bright blossom of my life's late May,
That came from Heaven to me !

The sunbeams kiss his little face,
The grass and king-cups interlace
Across his forehead white;
His tiny hands no longer hold
The buttercups of royal gold,
He plucked with such delight.

The buttercups he ran to grasp
With hand quick-loosened from my clasp,
 And pleasure-brimming eyes ;
The buttercups, whose yellow dust
Hath soiled his fingers, as gold must,
 If held too dear a prize.

Unwitting in his baby glee,
He robbed his playmate brown, the bee,
 Of food for winter hours ;
He gathered blossoms in his haste,
And now the treasure runs to waste
 Of those bright golden flowers.

I kneel me down beside the lad,
And something joyful, something sad,
 Swells from mine inmost heart ;
God gave love's blossom for love's sake,
But grief and joy must mix to make
 Complete the mother's part.

And mingled tides of feeling rush
Throughout my spirit, as I brush
 The gold-dust from his palm ;
He rests to-day within my reach,
He needs no lore I cannot teach,
 His sleeping face is calm.

But, oh, my boy ! my bonnie boy !
The gold of life hath base alloy,
 And stains the grasping hand;
I cleanse thy baby palm to-day,
But years may part us far away,
 By miles of sea and land.

And thou may'st gather in thine haste
Life's golden flowers, to droop and waste;
 Or pluck with idle greed
Some fellow-creature's simple joy,
To drop, as thou hast dropped, my boy,
 These blossoms of the mead.

Or thou may'st clutch with miser grasp
Life's sordid gold in fevered clasp,
 And soil thy spirit white
With dust and dross of garish ways,
With thirst for gold, and greed of praise,
 With worldly, base delight.

But soft ! he wakes, my little son,
And I with mother's doubt have done.
 I see my baby's smile;—
And well I know that God above
Will hallow son's and mother's love
 Beyond earth's little while.

XIII.

BINDWEED.

THE verdant garlands creep and twine
About the branches of the vine,
And hold in close embraco
The blushing beauty of the rose
That year by year untended grows
In this deserted place.

Its blossom, like a shallow cup
Of purest parian, lifted up,
Is full of morning dew;
My comely lilies, nursed with care
To glad the garden borders, wear
No whiter, purer hue.

And yet, and yet, I know the vine
Whereon its graceful garlands twine,
Had come to better fruit,
If this lush growth of white and green,
The bindweed's close and clinging screen,
Had never taken root.

And yet, and yet, I know the rose
That through its greenness glints and glows,
 Had come to fuller flower,
If this fair fragile parasite
Had never spread its green and white
 To summer sun and shower.

I pull the slender leaves apart,
There lies a lesson, oh, my heart !
 Beneath the bindweed spray.
It saps the vine, and dwarfs the flower;
So clinging haman love hath power,
 To sap and dwarf alway.

To sap the soul of strength divine,
To blight its fruit, like cumbered vine,
 Which scarce a cluster shows ;
To dwarf with narrow selfish claims,
The growth of wide and generous aims,
 As bindweed dwarfs the rose.

And yet, God wot, the love is clean,
And like the bindweed, fresh and green
 It springeth in the heart ;
'Tis only when we lack the grace
To train it fairly in its place,
 To portion out its part ;

"Tis only when we let it climb
O'er holier heights and more sublime
Than earthly love should go;
"Tis only when we let it creep
Across the gifts that we should keep
For God—it brings us woe.

For let the bindweed have its will,
Nor human toil, nor human skill
Can keep the garden fair;
But train the bindweed in its place,
And larger blossom, fairer grace,
Will straight repay the care.

So if the garden of the heart
Be over-run in every part,
By love beyond control;
Life's worthy labour cannot speed,
And flower of thought and fruit of deed,
Grow never in the soul.

But train that weak and clinging love
By sturdy props, to wave above
Life's work, and give it grace,
No longer then a parasite,
Love clothes with garlands of delight
Its own appointed place!

XIV.

EGLANTINE.

SLOW sweetly, after gentle rain,
Comes floating down the grassy lane
The scent of eglantine :
See, wife, the old familiar seat
Bids welcome to a cool retreat,
This summer morning fine.

Sit down, dear heart, there needs no hasto
For us to make, we well can waste
The longest of our days ;
Our working-time is gone and past,
And we have leisure at the last,
For Nature and her ways.

So sit thee, darling, by my side,
Fond friend and firm, true wife and tried,
Best help in darkest hours !
Across the meads the linnet calls,
The breeze shakes down at intervals
The eglantine's pink flowers.

The eglantine ! the eglantine !
Ah, tender, brown-eyed wife of mine,
 I see a shadow creep
Across the calmness of thy brow,
The blossom dropping from the bough,
 Wakes sorrow from its sleep.

Nay, dearest, dry the starting tear,
Is she not still our daughter dear ?
 Our pretty Eglantine ?
Is she not yet as much our child,
As when upon her birth we smiled,
 Thy little one and mine ?

What though she chose, as daughters do,
To merge the old life in the new,
 And gave to fresher love
The right to take her by the hand,
And lead her from her fatherland ;
 God kcepeth watch above.

What though the seas roll wide between
That strange wild home where she is queen,
 And this calm nook of ours ;
What though her southern dwelling-place
Is brightened by no English face,
 Nor homely English flowers.

What though our poor hearts surely know
That to her home we cannot go,
 However sore we yearn ;
Nor, since our darling hath her share
Of mother's bliss, and mother's care,
 Can she to us return.

Yet, wife, we shall retrieve our loss ;
There is an ocean all must cross ;
 Thy turn will come and mine,
And we shall welcome to the bowers
Of paradise, life's flower of flowers,
 Our little Eglantine.

XV.

WISTERIA.

Now tenderly the twilight falls
About our dear home's flowery walls,
Upon the garden bowers;
The breeze sighs over beds of bloom,
My darling, leave the dusky room,
Come out among the flowers.

Come forth, my wife, and stand with me
Beneath our favourite chestnut-tree—
The glory of our lawn—
Look up, dear heart, in skies afar,
How softly beams the evening star,
The garish sun is gone.

How clearly from the coppice floats
The brown bird's strain—its magic notes
Of joy and sorrow blent.
How sweetly from the southern wall
Delightsome odours round us fall,
The rich wisteria's scent.

See, darling, in this tender gleam
The clusters of its purple bloom.
Peep out amid the green;
A comely summer robe it weavcs
Of sturdy twigs and tender leaves,
With splendid flowers betwcon.

How rich and full a life must beat
In its green branches! fair and sweet
It flowered in the spring;
And yet, ere summer days are done,
It spreadeth to the summer sun
A second blossoming.

It seemeth unto us a type
Of love, spring-born, but summer-ripe,
Full-hearted love like ours,
That sweetly smiled on life's young spring,
Yet hath its fuller blossoming
In these maturer hours.

Our lives were like the spring-time boughs
Of this old tree, which wreathes our house
With purple twice a year,
No leafage green of worldly praise,
Or worldly wealth made glad our days,
But lonely love was dear!

IN A GARDEN.

Ah, darling ! on this summer night,
Our hearts brimful with deep delight,
 We bless God as we stand
Beneath His arch of twilight sky
At rest, too glad to smile, or sigh,
 The happiest in the land.

Our tree of life is strong and full
Of leafage verdant, beautiful,
 With blossoms in their prime,
For love, like fair wisteria flowers.
Brings, with full hands, to us and ours
 A second blossom-time.

XVI.

WOODRUFFE.

COME'S sacred nook, love's hallowed ground,
Where sweetest sight and softest sound
Meet watching eye and ear;
Where footsteps fall with lightest tread,
As in the chamber of the dead,
Yet fullest life is here.

She, lying on her couch of pain,
Turns lifelong loss to daily gain,
Her heart the alchymist;
From mystic heights by suffering won,
Her saintly eyes look down upon
Earth-joys that she has miss'd.

God touched her in her cradle days,
And set her from the world's rude ways
For evermore apart;
The tiny sprays the children pull
Of woodruffe, white and beautiful,
Are likest her sweet heart.

And well she loves the simple flower,
Though to its neighbouring woodland bower,
 In depth of summer grass,
O'erhung by summer's full-leaved trees,
O'erblown by summer's softest breeze,
 Her feet may never pass.

And those who love her, love to find
A likeness to her stainless mind
 In this white woodland flower;
So frail and small, so fair and pure,
Yet full of courage to endure
 The dark and stormy hour.

Far from the highway's dust and glare
The woodruffe scents the forest air,
 And lights the tender gloom;
Far from life's whirl of gain and loss,
Beneath the shadow of her cross,
 She glads this quiet room.

And to her come the gay of heart,
That she may take with them her part
 Of sweet love's corn and wine;
And to her come sad souls opprest,
For God hath filled her gentle breast
 With sympathy divine.

Set far apart from common joys,
Yet smiling at earth's idle toys,
She waits her dread release ;
The woodruffe with the summer fades,
And through life's gathering twilight shades,
Will come Death's whisper, ' Peace ! '

XVII.

HONEYSUCKLE.

How fair they were, my darlings twain.
Who walked adown the grassy lane
That sultry August day :
Unconscious of the gracious charm
That floated round them, arm-in-arm
They wandered on their way.

One wore her raven tresses low,
Close-braided o'er a brow of snow,
Like some grand Roman dame :
Hers were those luminous, large eyes,
From whose dark depths strange gleams arise
And break in sudden flame.

Around her sister's gentler face
The brown hair rippled, tender grace
Was in her form and look :
A wild-rose colour on her cheek,
Brown loving eyes, contented, meek,
And clear as summer brook.

I sat beneath a shady tree,
And heard their laughter floating free,
 Through idle, happy hours ;
I saw them gather by the way
The straggling clusters, sweet and gay,
 Of honeysuckle flowers.

I watched them weave their scented spoil,
In eager haste, with playful toil,
 And laughter-brimming eyes ;
They twined it on my faded brow,
Ah, Heaven ! I have that garland now,
 A sacred, mournful prize !

Was it because they were my own,
I fancied even their lightest tone
 More sweet than other sound ?
Was it because I gave them birth,
I thought that nowhere in God's earth
 Could fairer things be found ?

Was it but doting mother's love ?
Or were my darlings fair above
 The playmates of their time ?
I knew not then, nor now I know,
It is so many years ago,
 They scarcely reached their prime.

But this I know, 'twixt them and me
Rolls yet the awful, tideless sea
That parts their world from this :
And well I know that where they are,
There is no need of sun or star,
Nor need of mother's kiss.

But o'er my honeysuckle wreath,
My wearied heart will often breathe
A prayer for those bright bowers,
Where I may see my daughters stand,
Each holding for me in her hand,
Heaven's amaranthine flowers !

XVIII.

CARNATIONS.

BLOW, winds of summer, on the grass
Of meadows green my love must pass
What time he comes to me ;
Shine, sun of summer, on the way
That he, full-hearted, takes to-day
Towards our trysting-tree.

Sing, happy lark, in God's blue sky,
Lift thou thy thrilling voice on high
In carol strong and clear ;
Sing, lark, and I will sing with thee,
Because good things have come to me,
Because love's life is dear.

Because my sometime lonely heart
Is love-elected to a part
Among earth's favoured few ;
Because my lately empty hand
Is filled to-day by love's command
With blossoms of love's hue.

IN A GARDEN.

Because I wear upon my breast
The flower my lover loveth best,
 The flower he gave to me;
A dark carnation, velvet-red,
By moonlight gathered from its bed,
 When none was near to see.

A sweet carnation, whose perfume
Is richer even than its bloom
 Of kingly, crimson hue;
And as the flower is sweet above
Its summer fellows, so his love,
 More than most love, is true.

I wear my blossom o'er a heart
Content to take the meeker part
 In all love's days to come;
Content to fare in quiet ways,
Afar from rumour's blame and praise,
 In sunshine of sweet home.

I wear my flower upon a breast
Fast throbbing now with love's unrest;
 But calmly-flowing time,
That reaps the harvest of the years,
Will temper all love's smiles and tears,
 To harmony sublime.

I wear the flower love's hand hath given,
I stand beneath God's azure heaven,
 With sunshine in my soul;
No cloud upon my summer day,
My lover on his happy way,
 Ah, heart! thy bliss is whole.

Full well I know the summer sun
Is dim when summer days are done,
 But for life's winter hours,
We two will pluck the crimson bloom,
And thence distil the rich perfume
 Of love's carnation flowers !

XIX.

HAREBELLS.

 STRETCH of common land, abloom
With golden gorse and yellow broom,
And bright with bracken sprays,
Just touched through all their summer green
With autumn gold. A placid scene—
Fair spot for restful days.

A grey old church of time-touched stone,
With porch and turret ivy-grown,
And chancel-window red,
Lifts lonely here its ancient walls,
And where the holy shadow falls,
Sleep sound the quiet dead.

I sit me down among the graves,
The gentle west wind softly waves,
And little ripples pass
Across the greensward at my feet,
And stir the countless blossoms sweet
That deck the graves' green grass.

How gay they show, these narrow homes
Of silent rest ! The wild bee roams
From flowerful mound to mound ;
A throstle's carol in the tree,
Full, heart and voice, of summer glee,
Scarce breaks the calm profound.

How love hath decked the blessed spot !
Here pansy and forget-me-not
Make borders round a rose ;
Here, through a lily's parian cup
On slender column lifted up,
The golden sunshine shows.

But in a corner all alone,
I see a grave without a stone,
Without a planted flower ;
How long, how long since love knelt thereto,
In sore bereavement's first despair,
In woe's first aching hour ?

No mark of love's regret is seen,
Yet is the lonely grave-plot green,
And clothed from head to foot
With bonny harebells, wild and blue,
Of wind-like lightness, heaven's own hue,
That here have taken root.

They toss their heads with sunny grace,
Above that nameless resting-place,
 And flutter in the breeze ;
No blossom carven from the stone,
No white exotic newly-blown,
 Shows comelier than these.

I stretch my hand to pluck a bell,
I murmur : ‘ Nature doeth well,
 She chooseth this lone spot,
Where no love-tokening flower is seen,
And spreads her harebells blue and green,
 O'er graves by man forgot.’

XX.

BRAMBLE.

HE corn is reaped, the bare brown land
Is sleeping in the sunshine bland
Of late September time;
Now after harvest-toil and mirth
In restful calmness lies the earth,
Like good lives past their prime.

Red tints of autumn touch the trees
That rustle in the freshening breeze,
And wave their branches strong;
From hillside meadows, loud and clear,
Comes, clarionlike, a note of cheer,
The thrush's thrilling song.

The busy wild bee flitteth by,
Where honeysuckle waves on high,
And late clematis grows;
A fair brown butterfly floats round
A bramble branch that on the ground
Its dainty tangle throws.

IN A GARDEN.

The lowly bramble, taking root
In common hedgerows, bearing fruit
For common hands to pull;
A boon to travellers on the road,
It shows its gracious purple load
With blossoms beautiful.

White flowers like pearly-tinted snow,
Fair foliage red with autumn's glow,
Ripe fruit—on one fair spray;
Ah me! my heart, what beauty lives
In lowliest things that Nature gives
To blossom on our way.

Ah me! my heart, what beauty shows
In lowly lives that to their close
Bloom sweetly out of sight;
Meek hearts that seek not worldly praise,
That find in life's secluded ways
Dear love and deep delight.

Fair lives that have a humble root,
Sweet lives that bear a gracious fruit,
Yet keep their springtime flowers
Upon the bough where fruit hangs ripe,
And where the fading leaf is type
Of life's decaying hours.

We meet them in our daily path
These humble souls, and each one hath
 A beauty of its own;
A beauty born of duty done,
Of silent victories dumbly won,
 Of sorrow borne alone.

And when the frosts of death fall chill
On these fair lives, that blossom still
 Though summer time is past,
We, sighing, wish for quiet ways,
Wherein, like theirs, our shortening days
 Might blossom to the last!

XXI.

TUBEROSES.

THE master's story holds the stage,
Of Hamlet's studied grief and rage,
And Denmark's guilty queen;
With empty heart and weary brain,
Too tired for pleasure or for pain,
I watch the changing scene.

The curtain falls, and plaudits loud
Ring clamorous from the motley crowd,
Then talk and laughter reign;
The air is heavy with the scent
Of flowers, and happy tones are blent
With music's thrilling strain.

Across the crowd I hear the notes,
Across the crowd the incense floats
Of manifold perfumes;
Upon a velvet-cushioned seat
I see a snowy bunch and sweet,
Of white gardenia blooms.

She laid the blossoms from her hand
A moment since—I see her stand
 In all her lovely grace,
No shadow on her open brow,
No memory of a broken vow
 Disturbs her girlish face.

Across the crowd, myself unseen,
I watch once more the fairy queen
 Of all my boyish dreams;
Once more with her I seem to roam
The wood-ways of our country home,
 Or loiter by its streams.

Once more I gather for her sake
The sweet wild flowers of hedge and brake,
 Once more with baby pride
She flaunts her white exotic bloom,
A tuberose heavy with perfume,
 And thrusts my gift aside.

Ah me! her childhood was the type
Of what she is, as woman ripe,
 She asks no wayside flower,
But cultured blossoms, rich and rare,
And all things goodly, all things fair,
 And pride of place and power.

IN A GARDEN.

But these were never mine to give—
And how I fare, or how I live,
Claims not a care from her ;
Yet looking on that face to-night,
Some ghost of ancient dead delight
Bids past emotion stir.

And to my heart I softly say :
“ If fate would let thee have thy way,
What now would be thy will ?
To tread the velvet path of ease,
One heart, and not the world, to please,
And she thy true love still ? ”

Nay, heart, there is no space for doubt,
Thy stronger, better part spcaks out,
And joys that it is free ;
I could not bear the cloying scent
Of those white blossoms ; Nature meant
A working life for me !

XXII.

CHEYSANTHEMUMS.

LINK, crimson, yellow, cream, and white,
They call to mind the lost delight
Of summer's flowery days;
The wintry wind wails loud without,
While we within draw close about
The hearth-fire's friendly blaze.

The flickering flames flash high and low,
They touch the room with rosy glow,
And make its corners warm;
They kiss the sombre, pictured walls,
Whereon a gracious shadow falls—
My gentle sister's form.

How soft the rustle of the dress
That clothes her faded loveliness
In velvet's darkest fold !
How soft, how dark, the tranquil eyes,
Within whose sombre shadow lies
A subtle gleam of gold !

How calm she sits in this calm light,
Loose-holding in her fingers white
 A blossom pure as snow.
A pale chrysanthemum—ah me!
Yet summer roses bloomed for thee,
 My sister, long ago!

And I, too, had my happy share
Of joyous hope, and laughed at care
 With boyish disbelief;
I staked my manhood on the truth
Of that bright idol of my youth,
 And won a lasting grief.

God smote me in my careless pride,
And all life's glowing roses died
 With swift and sudden blight:
Shame drew his most empoisoned dart,
And aiming steadfast at my heart,
 He murdered joy outright.

And thou, my white one, clean of soul,
God bade his waves of trouble roll
 Above thy gentle head;
But lighter than my cruel loss
The burden of thy hope-wreathed cross—
 Thy lover is but dead.

He is but dead, and thou can'st creep
In twilight time to work or weep
 Beside his quiet grave ;
To picture meeting on that shore,
The land of God's bright Evermore,
 Beyond earth's wind and wave.

But I have no such sacred spot
To kneel and pray at—she is not,—
 No more than this I know.—
Ah, sister ! link thy hand in mine—
No change can touch my love and thine,
 Whatever come and go.

And like these homely flowers that grace
Our quaint, old-fashioned dwelling-place,
 A quiet blessing comes
Upon the evening of our days,
And growing by the wintry ways
 We find chrysanthemums !

XXIII.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

NEAY, darling, lay the gems aside,
I bring white blossoms for my bride
To wear this Christmas night;
A chaplet for thy sunny curls,
A cluster fairer than the pearls,
To deck thy bosom white.

My Christmas roses, grown while we
Were loitering by a southern sea
In newly-wedded bliss;
My roses, fenced with tender care
From biting breaths of winter air,
For such an hour as this.

For I remember, sweetest wife,
That fateful moment of my life,
One little year ago,
When first I saw thee with thy kin,
Before my heart had hope to win
The grace that charmed me so.

I saw thee in thy robe of white,
The centre of dear home delight,
 The joy of wintry hours ;
And to my wakening heart I said,
“ She hath the grace of my lost dead,
 She wears my mother’s flowers.”

For on thy breast and on thy brow,
Close, darling, as I twine them now,
 The Christmas roses lay ;
And to my heart I said anon,
“ The sharpness of old grief is gone—
 But love must have his way.

“ She wears the flower my mother chose
To be her own, a Christmas rose,
 She hath my mother’s grace ;
Oh heart of mine ! what bliss it were
If I could bring this maiden fair
 To my dead mother’s place.

“ What bliss if she and I could stand
Close side by side with hand in hand,
 When Christmas comes again ;
Life linked to life with changeless truth,
Beside the hearthstone of my youth,
 Past parting and past pain.”

My late-found treasure ! tender dove !
We know how true love answered love
Before that dark year's close ;
We know how all the world grew bright,
Because I won my one delight,
My blessed Christmas Rose !

And now, together and alone,
Life's crowning gladness all our own,
We greet the Christmas hours,
So, darling, lay aside the pearls,
And let me crown thy sunny curls
With my white winter flowers !

After the Wreck.

WHAT of the ocean's roar ?
 The sea lies smiling in the sun,
 The sparkling wavelets leap and run
 To kiss the pebbled shore ;
 Where are the waves that mountains high,
 Engulfed last night a goodly bark,
 And drew her down through waters dark,
 Beneath a sullen sky ?

How soft the west wind blows !
 We, sitting, watch another ship,
 Whose sails, wide-spreading, seem to dip
 And curtsey as she goes ;
 And sailing outward from our sight,
 How strong she looks, how trim and gay !
 How safe the water seems to-day,
 For all the wreck last night !

AFTER THE WRECK.

Here, by the dawn-tide tost,
Already doth the driftwood lie;
Already fades some mother's eye,
With anguish for the lost.
Yet earth rejoices and is gay,
And yet, though tolls the village bell
For strangers dead, a deathly knell,
The sea looks safe to-day..

Give me thy little hand,
Rise up, dear heart, and let us go
Through some green lane where May flowers blow,
And sweeten all the land;
Come, let us wander out of sight
Of this fair-seeming, treacherous sea,
That speaks of wreck to thee and me,
For all to-day's delight.

It smiles beneath the sky,
As though its foamy, dimpling waves
Danced o'er delightsome bowers, not graves
Where dead men's bones do lie;
It looks as life looked, dear, to us,
In that glad morning of our days:
When we went forth in sunny ways
The world was smiling thus.

Ah, love, we suffered wreck ;
What angry winds and waters dark
Blew over and engulfed our bark,
And swept us from her deck !
There was no life-boat to put out,
No spar to cling to, no frail raft
As refuge from our drowning craft,
By storm-winds dashed about.

No harbour from the storm,
No friendly hands stretched out to lift
Our drowning fortunes from the drift,
To shelter safe and warm ;
The world forsook us, love, our cries
Died on the wind of sordid strife,
And we looked helpless, husband, wife,
Into each other's eyes.

Then from despair was born
A fonder love, a deeper trust,
A treasure safe from moth and rust,
A scorn of the world's scorn ;
I lost my gold in port and mart,
I lost my heritage of land ;
I found a treasure in thy hand,
And love's gold in thine heart.

AFTER THE WRECK.

Lean closer—closer, dear,
Now let the tears drop if they will,
The sun behind is shining still,
We bid a truce to fear;
The night of wreck is overpast,
And though we trust life's sea no more,
We watch the vessels from the shore,
Together to the last.

We have no argosies,
No stately ships to come and go,
From lands of sun to lands of snow,
No chance of worldly prize;
But I have thee, beneath the sun
Of all God's creatures, dearest—dear,
And thou, love, hast thy refuge here,
Till all our days be done!

“Aurelia.” *

ISAT in church at eventime,
A church beside the sea,
The changeful, changeless sea, whose chime
Of restless melody,
The minor music of the waves,
Rolled o'er the churchyard's sea of graves.

And through the pillared arches dim,
Like peal of silver bell
The cadence of an olden hymn
Alternate rose and fell ;
A sweet, dear hymn I used to know
In youth, in childhood, long ago.

A hymn my brother, clad in white,
Sang with the sweet-voiced choir;
A hymn we used to sing at night
Beside the Sabbath fire ;
And mother, daughters, sire and son,
Joined hearts and lips in unison.

Ah me! to-night afar from home,
 Far from my dearest, best,
 I felt the blessed hymn-notes come
 Like messages of rest,
 And through the anguished cry, “ How long ? ”
 Brake forth high tones of courage strong.

What though the little household band,
 Be parted wide and far;
 Love is the same in every land,
 And shines a guiding star;
 While “ mystic sweet communion ” blends
 The hearts of earth-divided friends.

If father’s, mother’s lonely heart
 Long for the children’s mirth ;
 If sisters wander far apart
 The wider ways of earth ;
 While he who chanted in the choir,
 Hath heard God’s welcome, “ Go up higher ” :—

We know, we know, that God’s great hand
 Doth keep both quick and dead ;
 We know, we know, there is a land,
 Wherein, earth’s shadows fled,—
 Our lips new-touched with heavenly glow,
 May sing the hymn of long ago.

A Midway Milestone.

"**C**OME down," the simple letter says,
 "And keep your Sabbath birth day here,
 Come down and hear the church bells ring,
 And hear the song the thrushes sing
 Among the leafy bowers ;
 Come forth from dreary city ways,
 And glad us with your presence, dear
 And longed-for, as the summer flowers.

"Come down, and we will take once more
 The heathy path across the hill ;
 Or saunter through the dewy lane,
 Wherein we parted with such pain
 A little year ago.
 The heath is sweet with honey store,
 The fair green lane is dewy still,
 And I—I long to see you so !

“ Come down, and we will sit again
Beside the milestone grey and old,
That stands without our garden gate,
The spot where I was wont to wait,
 And listen, while your feet
Passed to the highway from the lane,
And my heart seemed too full to hold
 Its tender bliss, so new and sweet.”

I sit me in the summer dusk,
The sultry dusk of city ways,
I put the letter from my hand,
And memory brings at my command,
 The past before mine eyes.
I see a garden, sweet with musk,
And lilies, wrapped in silver haze,
 And sleeping under summer skies.

A garden gateway, clothed about
With cream and crimson woodbine flowers,
And in the copse across the way,
The bird that singeth not by day,
 Chants of her cruel fate.
The long white highway stretches out,
And faint pink eglantine embowers
 A milestone by the garden gate.

A stone that on its ancient face
A magic number shows to me,
In quaint old figures mossy-brown;
So many miles to London town—
 So many years have I;
Ah, little girl! the barren space
Of my spent youth 'twixt me and thee,
 For evermore must coldly lie.

I think the moonlight touched my brain
That summer night a year ago;
Though sweet thy love, I had no right
To win the sacred blossom white
 Of thy pure girlish heart;
Thy tears fell down like summer rain,
To hear me tell my tale of woe,
 Would God they could have healed the smart.

Would God that to my empty home,
Where sombre shadows come at will,
Mine hand could lead thee, to dispel
The doleful memories that dwell
 Beside its hearthstone cold;
Or would that I with thee could roam
The dewy lane, the heath-clad hill,
 And sit beside the milestone old.

A MIDWAY MILESTONE.

Would God, sweet child, that I could share
The simple glee that fills thine heart,
That all the griefs and all the tears
That filled my life of forty years,
 Might pass like morning dew;
Would God that I could pray thy prayer,
From all the world's illusions part,
 And twine thy roses with my rue.

"Is it too late?" my heart cries out,
"Too late, too late!" I make reply,
I had no right to speak of love,
The eagle mates not with the dove,
 I know the truth to-night;
I see the way too clear for doubt,
I lay the simple letter by;
 The midway milestone fades from sight.

If I have harmed thee, gentle child,
I will not deepen yet the wrong;
I could not quit my busy strife
To share thy simple country life;
 The freshness of my soul
Has faded in world-pathways wild;
Pass on, and sing thy simple song,
 I am too rough for love's control.

I could not sit in peaceful ease
With thee among the garden flowers ;
Nor could I sip—whose lips have quaffed
Life's strongest wine—the simple draught
Thou offerest gay and glad ;
The soothing murmur of the trees,
The incense of the woodbine bowers,
Year after year, would drive me mad !

And so I lay thy letter down,
And keep my birthday here apart ;
Pass on, my little darling, free,
A brighter future waits for thee
In life's untrodden ways ;
Pass on, and win thy woman's crown
And kingdom, in a youthful heart ;
God give thee good, and length of days !

And I, life's midway milestone past,
What more with love have I to do ?
My heart's lone memories, bitter-sweet,
Bestrew the ground before my feet,
Like wrecks on winter's sea ;
God grant the young their dreams may last,
Mine early died—yet love is true
I well believe, though dead for me !

An Old Song.

HE sings it, sitting in the glow
 Of sparkling fire-light, red and warm,
 While strange fantastic shadows fall
 Upon the many-pictured wall
 To which she lifts her eyes ;
 And round about our dwelling blow
 Great winds that come before a storm,
 And moonless, starless, are the skies.

She sings it, sitting by her harp,
 An angel presence, clad in white ;
 And as her silver accents float
 Like some wild bird's melodious note,
 The harp-strings make reply :
 'Tis sweet ! but I have memories sharp
 That rob the strain of its delight,
 And though my darling sings, I sigh.

She sings the song, the sad old song
Another sang ere she was born,
A simple strain of hopes and fears,
Of love and trust in bygone years,
 The song I learned to love
When passion woke with pulses strong,
When life was in its first hot morn,
 And youth's glad skies were clear above.

And one red rose was near my hand,
Too near, God knoweth, for my good ;
Ah me ! in fond impatient hour
I plucked and wore the tempting flower,
 I thought it sweet and pure—
Not foulest weed in all the land,
Not draught in witches' cauldron brewed,
 Had poison half so deadly-sure.

It turned my wine of life to gall,
It warped my olden love of truth,
It drove me from my native sod,
It broke my trust in man—in God !
 Ah, darling ! cease the song
In pity for the tears that fall
On memories of my wasted youth,
 Though thou art here, and love is strong.

AN OLD SONG.

I love thee, darling, as men love
The memory of their mother's face,
I love thee as an angel sent
To teach my tortured heart content ;
 And in good time to bring
Green boughs of peace, like Noah's dove,
The chambers of my heart to grace,
 And give my life a sweeter spring.

But in the years before we met—
My tender love, my childish wife—
In all the anguish of the smart
That seared the freshness of my heart,
 Thou had'st not part nor lot ;
I sowed my harvest of regret
While thou wast yet at play with life,
 In days that thou rememberest not.

Therefore, sweetheart, it is not meet
That far-off cloud should dark thy days,
Nor is it meet thy spirit white
Should learn how murky was the night
 Through which my spirit came,
To find thee waiting, pure and sweet,
A snowdrop in life's quiet ways,
 A lily worthy of the name.

I drop a curtain on the past,
Deep love for thee wove every fold,
I turn mine eyes—not far away
Shines out a dawning, golden day,
 With never cloud nor storm ;
I bury out of sight at last,
The murdered hopes and dreams of old,
 And wait the morrow's sunshine warm.

But sing no more that song to me
Another sang when I was young,
Let thy sweet voice and harp-strings weave
A melody that will not grieve
 His heart who loves thee so ;
All happy strains are free to thee,
Sing all as with an angel's tongue,
 But not that song of long-ago !

A Picture from Abroad.

HOLD it in my hand,
This pictured group that comes to me,
So many miles across the sea,
Our little exiled band :
And through thick-falling tears I trace
The comely father, tall and brave,
The mother, pensive, wistful, grave,
The child's wee, winsome face.

They sailed from us away,
When April skies were overhead,
When from its mossy, woodland bed,
The primrose blossomed gay ;
They sailed away across the foam,
With hopeful hearts in quest of health,
That better gift than fame and wealth,
They sailed away from home.

Ah ! but a year ago,
The same land held us, one and all,
Now far from one another's call
 Our life-tides ebb and flow !
The very seasons change between,
For we have snow at New-Year's tide,
While in their land the gay brooks glide
 Through meadows summer-green.

How wide the sea that parts
Our own from us, how cold the waves
That toss and roll o'er nameless graves,
 And fret o'er pulseless hearts ;
Then past the highway of the ships,
How many miles of trackless land
Forbid the touch of clasping hand,
 The joy of meeting lips.

Yet thought is ours, and here
The little touching picture lies,
We seem to look into their eyes,
 Their tender tones to hear ;
Not parted, ah ! not parted yet,
Though waves divide and mountains rear
Their height betwixt us, here and there,
 Love's sun can never set.

A PICTURE FROM ABROAD.

Not parted, though no ship
May ever bring our own to us,
To meet with kisses, thus, and thus;

Though sails may never dip
Below the horizon of our shore,
And carry us to them, to spend
Close-linkèd lives, till life shall end,
Yet Love livcs evermore.

And some day we shall meet,
Beyond all chance, all human doubt;
What matter whence we each set out,

So in the end we greet;
The light between heaven's golden bars,
Shall beacon all as we go forth
To meet, God willing, south and north,
Beneath the eternal stars!

Before Sailing.

LEAN closer, darling, let thy tender heart
 Beat against mine that aches with heavy
 woe,
Drop thy quick woman's tears to soothe thy smart,
 Ah me! that I could ease my sorrow so!
But men must work, sweetheart, and women weep,
 So says the song, so runs the world's behest;
Yet time will pass, and tender comfort creep
 With hope in company unto thy breast.
Now ere we part, while yet on lip and cheek
 Close kisses linger, clinging, passionate,
There is a farewell word love fain would speak,
 A tender thought love labours to translate
In earnest words, whose memory through the years,
 Shall calm thy soul, and dry thy dropping tears.

If in thy garden when the roses blow,
 Or by the shelter of thine evening fire,
In any winter gloom, or summer glow,
 Thy soul floats seaward with a fond desire,
(Fonder and stronger than thy tender use)
 Think thou, "One longs for me across the foam;"
And if, sweet-falling like the evening dews,
 A special peace enfolds thine heart and home,
Then say thou, dear, with softly-bated breath,
 "In some lone wilderness beyond the sea,
Whether in light of life, or gloom of death,
 My lover's spirit speaks to God for me!"
Kiss me, beloved, without doubt or dread,
 We are not sundered, though farewell be said.

By the Firelight.

NEHE sleeps—the welcome wintry sun
Is shining on her little face,
The firelight glints upon her hair,
My precious blossom ! oh, how fair,
How very fair she is !
And soft she sleeps, my little one,
As sadly to and fro I pace,
And dream anew of olden bliss.

The flowers I plucked for her delight
Have fallen from the tiny hand ;
The painted toy that charmed her eyes
With quaint design and action, lies
Beside the pictured book ;
Strange thoughts arise, oh ! blossom bright,
That vex and thrill me as I stand
Anear, and on thy features look.

BY THE FIRELIGHT.

Thy mother's face, thy mother's smile,
Thy mother's ringlets flowing free,
Her tinted cheek, her forehead white,
Her eyes, brown wells of liquid light,
Yea, all her charms are thine ;
Thy mother kissed thy lips, erewhile,
Before she sent thee forth to me,
And to that kiss I added mine.

And when this evening's shadows fall,
And thou art by her side again,
Will she, too, seek, as I have sought
The kiss the childish lips have brought
Our parted lips to bless ?
Will she too fondly question all
I said and did, and seek to gain
A glimpse of our lost happiness ?

Ah dear, my wife ! ah sweet, my wife !
Too lightly won, too lightly lost ;
Might riper age repair with tears
The havoc made in earlier years,
Should we weep, thou and I ?
Should we clasp hands, and end the strife
That all our youthful years hath crossed,
And fare together till we die ?

If we two stood upon the brink
Of that wide gulf that yawns between
Thy life and mine this many a day,
And one should to the other say,
 “ I erred the first—and most,”
Should we stretch out glad hands and link
Our lives, and let the dark “ has been ”
 Float from us like a grim grey ghost?

”Tis hard to say, for pride is strong,
And either blamed the other's heat;
But as I look upon the face
Of my one child, and in it trace
 The looks of one away,
My heart cries out against the wrong
That bars us both from union sweet ;
 “ And whose the blame ? ” I sadly say.

I was to blame, for I was hard ;
She was to blame, for she was proud ;
And so the pride and hardness built
A wall between us, high as guilt ;
 And yet no guilt was there.
But when my heart grew soft, she barred
The gate on love. I cried aloud ;
 But she was deaf unto my prayer.

BY THE FIRELIGHT.

And so we drifted far apart,
While friends came in to heal the breach ;
Poor fools ! to think that they could touch
With balm the hearts that ached too much,
 Too wildly, for despair.
But pride put gauds above the smart,
And we were gay and light of speech,
 And jeered at love and mocked at care.

But still the child, the little child,
Goes at the stated seasons forth
From her to me, from me to her,
And keeps keen thrilling thoughts astir,
 Awaking old regret.
Thought springs to-night unfettered, wild,
Oh, wife, what is life's living worth
 If thou and I are parted yet ?

Lo ! I will break the bonds that hold
My life and thine in separate ways,
And standing by thee face to face
Beseech thee fill thine empty place,
 And bless my lonely soul
With love like that fair love of old,
That gladdened all our morning days,
 But stronger grown, and calm, and whole.

I will not grudge to own me wrong—
Great Heaven ! what slender form is hero ?
What loving eyes look into mine ?
What hands in mine own hands entwine ?

My wife, my wife, at last !
Wake up, white blossom, sleep not long,
Awake to bless thy mother dear ;
Our days of dark are gone and past.

My bird, thou hast flown home to me,
Thrice welcome to thine early nest !
Nay, not a word between us twain
Of all the empty years of pain
For evermore be said.
It is enough for me and thee
That thou art here upon my breast,
That all our foolish past is dead.

“Carissima.”

LINKED hands of woman and of man,
 Eyes waking, watching eyes that sleep;
 Close-curtained windows, pictured walls,
 Whereon the ruddy fireshine falls
 With cheerful, tender glow;
 A broidered wrap, a jewelled fan,
 And by the couch a fragrant heap
 Of waxen blossoms, white as snow.

A weary brow where tresses cling
 Uncurled, as if with heavy dews,
 White flower-like lids, that soft and meek
 Shade the sharp outline of the cheek,
 Like ivory pure and pale;
 A hand whereon the wedding-ring
 Hangs like a fetter growing loose,
 All sadly, truly, tell their tale.

So very fair! A year ago
She wore her bridal coronet.
So very young ! it almost seems
The shadow of her childish dreams
Is wrapped about her now :
No touch of human want or woe
Hath troubled her young spirit, yet
She fades like blossom on the bough.

She fades ; ah ! watcher heavy-eyed,
Cast down thy gold with reckless hand,
Spread lavishly beneath her feet
All goodly things and fair and sweet,
To snare her weary eyes ;
She is thine own, thy childish bride,
Thy blossom from love's fairy-land,
Rise up, do battle for thy prize !

Clasp, clasp her close in love's strong arms,
Kiss, kiss her close with love's warm lips,
Give all thou hast, and all thou art,
The very life-blood of thine heart,
To save her from her fate.
Let love stand forth and work his charms
Triumphant over death's eclipse.

Love's very self replies, "Too late!"

There was no lack of corn and wine,
No lack of hope's delightsome flowers,
No lack of gay and glittering toys,
Of simple pleasures, childish joys,
 To please her guileless heart;
But One hath made a silent sign,
And through the sunshine of the hours
 His shadow creeps with scythe and dart.

There was no lack of fondest love
To fence her from life's outer air,
No lack of passion deep and strong
To clasp her close and hold her long
 In surest safe embrace.
The nest is worthy of the dove,
Soft-lined and warm, and very fair,
 But One prepares another place.

She is thine own, world-weary man,
Thy very own, a little while,
The tender simple child that thou
Has guarded with a solemn vow,
 Yet day by day she slips
A little farther from the span
Of earthly life—no earthly smile
 Will linger long upon her lips.

Thy wealth, new showered upon her life,
Was powerless to corrupt her soul,
But ah! that gold, that useless hoard,
So widely spent, so freely poured,
 Is powerless to save!
Fling down thy weapons in the strife,
Nor love, nor wealth can make her whole;
 Go to, thou canst but deck a grave.

But when the green grass laps her in,
Thy tender one, thy little wife,
When all that love must bear and do,
When forced to taste the bitter rue,
 Is borne and done and past:
Steal sometimes from the city's din,
From all the hum and stir of life,
 To where she slumbers long and fast.

And doubt thou not that there will be
Great cause for praise as well as prayer;
For praise because that cherished child
Was taken hence all undefiled
 By worldly stain or spot;
That while the long years weary thee
With touch of age, and fret of care,
 Eternal childhood is her lot.

Eternal childhood ; Heaven's sweet gift
Unto the blessed "pure in heart."
Look up, pale watcher, all is well,
The soul, before it reads, must spell,
 Lo ! there thy lesson waits ;
God takes thy flower from earth's cold drift,
To bloom in Paradise apart,
 Till thou, too, pass within its gates.

From Love's Ashes.

A lone in a far-off land,
 With empty heart and treasure lost,
 Poor, championless, and fortune-crost,
 She stretches out her hand
 Across the wide, unfathomed sea,
 To one, who sware in other days,
 Amid love's tumult and amaze,
 A changeless fealty.

Lo ! there the letter lies,
 A poor, tear-blotted, flimsy thing,
 Yet hath it subtle power to bring
 The dew unto mine eyes ;
 And through a silver mist I see
 The pretty face I used to kiss
 In youth's unquestioning fond bliss,
 When love was new to me.

The pretty childish face,
Untroubled by a touch of care,
Set round about with golden hair;

The gay and girlish grace,
The peal of laughter gushing free,
Like music of a summer brook,
The winsome way, the sunshine look,
The pure and joyous glee—

I call them all to mind,
But with each bright imagining
Come darker memories that sting,
For I was fool, and blind;
I thought she gave her love to me,
But while I watered well the root
Of hope's fair vine, and looked for fruit,
Another robbed the tree.

Robbed, said I? Nay, I err,
He did but take the thing she gave—
While I, to baffled love a slave,
Made bitter coil and stir,
They twain made haste to put the sea
Betwixt their lives and mine—so past
The wave of my first love—and last—
And left me scarred, but free.

Now here her letter lies :
Her widowed cry from that far land,
That I should take her by the hand,
And dry her streaming eyes ;
“ I have no friend, but only thee ;
I wronged thee, slaying love and truth,
Yet let the memory of our youth
Plead with thine heart for me.”

The memory of our youth !
Ah, sometime love ! that spell is vain
If you should seek to make again
The trial of my truth.
Not wider is the sounding sea,
That parts us land from land to-day,
Than time's wide gulf that bars the way
Of love to you and me.

Can you give back the glow
That warmed the spring-time of our love ?
The faith that placed you far above
All things God's stars below ?
Spread honey for last year's dead bee,
Will he arise to sip the store ?
I trow not. So for evermore
Love's honey tempts not me.

Yet gentlest feelings blend,
And tender memories gather near;
I take a sacred charge, and dear,
 Of sister and of friend;
Not vainly o'er the wide, wild sea
Her letter comes. A brother's right
In place of dead-and-gone delight,
 The future offers me.

Lone in a far-off land,
With empty heart and treasure lost,
Poor, championless, and fortune-crost,
 She stretches out her hand
Across the wide unfathomed sea,
And one, forsaken in far days,
Gives from the ashes of love's blaze,
 His changeless fealty.

Giving in Marriage.

COME, let us sit together for a space,
 In this still room remote from friendly mirth,
 Afar from light and music, face to face,
 Each unto each the dearest thing on earth.
 Love, they have left us, our two bonny brides,
 Our tall grave girl, our winsome laughing pet;
 Ah me! How wide the chasm that divides
 Our life from theirs; how far their feet are set
 From the calm path they trod with us so long.
 How we shall miss them, we who loved them so!
 On winter nights when winds are blowing strong,
 On summer mornings, when the roses blow.
 But—happy but—we still clasp hand in hand,
 Eye still meets eye, and true hearts understand.

Love, they have left us empty of the mirth
That cheered our homestead while they sojourned here;
Yea, they have left us lonely on the earth,
Lone, but together, solitude most dear;
Oh ! God go with them to the stranger-nests,
That love has built for them and theirs to come,
God keep all warm and living in their breasts
Love's holy flame, the altar-fire of home.
Dear, they have left us ; we no longer hold
The first, best place, however leal each heart,
Yet have we treasure left, refinèd gold,
Love's sterling ore, without its baser part.
The wide old house has lost its nestling birds,
But we are left. Ah, love, what need of words !

Gladys.

WHEN March, forgetful of his fierceness, laid
 His stormy head on April's gentle breast,
 When all the island gardens were afame
 With yellow daffodils, or faintly blue
 With violets, and fragrant with their breath,
 When all the fertile land was budding forth
 In splendid promise of the coming year,
 God gave thee, Gladys, to love's longing arms.

God laid thee, Gladys, in her morn of life,
 Upon the bosom of thy mother dear,
 God gave thee in the freshness of his youth,
 Unto thy father's fondest, first embrace :
 Ah little child ! ah tender, two-years' child !
 How many links and golden make the chain
 Which God has bound about united hearts,
 The chain of love, clasped by thy tiny hand.

Ah, Gladys, little love ! what hopes are set
Upon that precious baby head of thine,
What dreams are dreamed beside the flickering fire,
While thy dear mother maps out life for thee ;
What wishes, mounting on the wings of prayer,
Plead in God's presence for thy precious sake.

The month of strength and storm was newly met
With tender April, month of sun and shower,
When little Gladys, like a blossom dropped
From heaven's wide meadows, love's one spring-flower,
came.

Ah, be the season of thy birth, dear child, .
A sacred symbol of thy days to come,
Be thine the strength and sweetness, duly met
And mixed, that marks a queen of womanhood :
The strength to choose the right, and cleave thereto;
The strength to speak for right with fearless tongue,
The strength to strike for right, in time of need ;
And, harder yet, the strength to stand apart
From thine own happiness, if right demand ;
The strength to die for right if God so choose !

But while thy soul is strong like rugged March,
Let sunny April have her share in thee :
Be thine the sweetness of her blossom-time,

Her smile, her music, and her tender tears :
The smile of love that blesses all around,
The songs of love that only love can learn,
And only love in full can comprehend ;
The tears of love that fall like heavenly dew
Upon the rugged soil of weary hearts,
And breaking up the clods, let sunshine through,
Until they blossom and are glad again.

Is this too much to wish our two-years' child ?
Speak we too fondly of her future years ?
Love hath no oracle whereby to read
The fate of its close darlings. But we know
That He who gave the child will guard the child,
And in this faith we turn from visions vain,
And looking on our Gladys, are content.

Homeward Bound.

OUR trusty, well-beloved friend
Was homeward bound across the sea,
From lonely sojourn in far lands.
He came to clasp our clasping hands,
To hear our welcome sweet;
To bring his wanderings to an end
In this dear home with mine and me,
To make my quiet bliss complete.

"I come," he wrote (his letter lies
Before me in the sunshine fair),
"I come with heart content to see
The joy which God hath given to thee,
My comrade true and tried;
I fain would see it with mine eyes,
I fain would hear thyself declare
How deep thine happiness, how wide.

“ I come because I long to see
The bonny English flowers a-bloom,
Because a spirit of unrest
Doth vex my lately-quiet breast
With whispers in my sleep
Of daisied meadow, breezy lea,
Of April sunshine and perfume,
Of heath-clad mountains grey and steep.

“ I come because the rolling years
Have stilled the passion of my youth,
Because the rugged paths of time
Have led me up to heights sublime ;
And I, who could not see
Thy first great bliss for blinding tears,
I say to-day in honest truth
God’s way was best for thee, and me.

“ I come to take thine hand, my friend,
To look upon thy sweet wife’s face,
To see thy children fond and fair;
To breath again the blessed air
That fanned me at my birth ;
Until (beside thee to the end)
I go from forth my dwelling-place
To find a grave on English earth.

" I come, my friend." Ah me! sweet wife,
What marvel that the tears run down ?
What marvel that these tender words
Smite mournfully on true heart-chords,
Since he, whose thoughts they bear,
He, who had loved us all his life,
Who for love's sake laid down love's crown,
Hath parted from us otherwhere ?

He thought to see our happy home,
Our wedded bliss, our children dear,
He thought to see thee by my side,
Who dared not look upon my bride,
Who loved thee in his prime :
But o'er his grave, with crests of foam
The wild Atlantic billows rear
Their heads, and make a mournful chime.

He will not see this home of ours,
This little Eden all our own,
He will not bring within our door
An added blessing to love's store
Of cheerful sacrifice ;
And to the height of heavenly flowers
Our precious blossoms will have grown,
Before they meet his kindly eyes.

He will not see, my sweetest wife,
Thy radiant beauty past its morn,
Nor tender traces of the tears,
The sighs and smiles, the hopes and fears,
 Of wife's and mother's care.
If through the mists of failing life,
He saw thy face, it must have worn
 The look that I remember there.

The April look of long ago,
When all were young and thou wast free,
And on the hawthorn-bordered way
We loitered in the glad noon-day,
 Beneath a sapphire sky :
Ah, wife ! then dawned love's summer glow,
My beating heart sprang out to thee,
 But my true friend went silent by.

He was the worthier of the twain,
His pulses beat as strong as mine,
He looked on thee with lover's eyes,
And never sought to win the prize,
 But standing calm apart,
Smiled brotherly upon my gain,
And pressed into my cup of wine
 The crushed, ripe first-fruits of his heart.

Ah, my lost friend ! that tender debt
Which we had purposed to repay,
The debt which came with sweet love's birth,
Can never be repaid on earth,
But thou hast surely found
A happy end to life's regret;
God's Angel met thee by the way,
And thou, indeed, wast homeward bound !

In Snow Time.

Now should I choose to walk the world with thee,
Mine own beloved? When green grass is
stirred
By summer breezes, and each leafy tree,
Shelters the nest of many a singing bird?
In time of roses, when the earth doth lie
Dressed in a garment of midsummer hues,
Beneath a canopy of sapphire sky
Lulled by a soft wind's song? Or should I choose
To walk with thee along a wintry road,
Through flowerless fields, thick-sown with frosty rime,
Beside an ice-bound stream, whose waters flowed
In voiceless music all the summer time?
In winter dreariness, or summer glee,
How should I choose to walk the world with thee?

The time of roses is the time of love,
Ah, my dear heart ! but winter fires are bright,
And in the lack of sunshine from above
We tend more carefully love's sacred light.
The path among the roses lieth soft
Sun-kissed and radiant under youthful feet !
But on a wintry way true hands more oft
Do meet and cling in pressure close and sweet.
There is more need of love's supporting arm,
Along life's slippery pathway in its frost,
There is more need for love to wrap us warm,
Against life's cold, when summer flowers are lost.
Let others share thy life's glad summer glow,
But let me walk beside thee in its snow !

Irresolvable.

A GLORY blazed upon the land,
 From gorse and purple heather,
 As they two parted hand from hand,
 Who long had fared together :
As they two parted heart from heart,
 In sunny autumn weather.

“Now let,” said they, “from this bright day,
 Our linkéd life-paths sever,
 Let no sweet word of love be heard,
 Between us twain for ever.
 The rose of June is dead and gone,
 Before serene September ;
 And why our love hath dropped asleep,
 We care not to remember.”

A heavy mist lay on the land,
All faded was the heather,
As they two stood, hand clasping hand,
Once more alone together :
As they two stood, close heart to heart,
In sullen wintry weather.

"Now let," said they, "love have his way,
Our lives we could not sever,
Through mists of doubt, our hearts cried out,
Faith cleared life's skies for ever.
It gave no smart, we thought, to part,
In sunshine of September,
But heart clings close to loving heart,
In chilly, dull November :
Love wakes again, and why he slept,
We care not to remember."

In an Old Palace.

"**M**Y darling, I will rest awhile
Upon this ancient window seat,
This wide, old-fashioned, brown recess,
And watch the pictured loveliness
That decks the chamber round,
Each gay grand lady's courtly smile,
Her full free glance of witchery sweet,
And curling tresses all unbound.

" Or I will wander soft and slow,
As suits me best, from room to room,
Again to ponder, as I trace
The features of Loyola's face,
The secret of his power.
Or mark the veiled pathetic woe
In Charles's eyes, that spake of doom
Before the storm began to lower.

" But go thou, sweetest, gaily out
And sun thyself this sunny day,
Go find again thy favourite nook,
Where, babbling like a country brook,
Great Thames goes plashing by.
Or roam the wide old place about
In thine own mood, in thine own way,
And smile beneath God's azure sky.

" Go forth and banish from thine eyes,
The haunting shade that vexes me,
Go forth and lose thy childish care
Among sweet things of earth and air,
Blown flower and changing leaf.
Let girlish laughter quench thy sighs,
Let Nature's balsam comfort thee,
Go to, thou dost but play at grief."

We part, she passes from my sight,
Adown the wide, time-trodden stair,
Her foot's faint echo dies away;
Ah me! it seems but yesterday
My little girl was born.
But yesterday, a snowdrop white
She blossomed in the wintry air
Of wedded life, long past its morn.

Of wedded life where love was not,
Or not such love as once I knew ;
Poor girl, poor wife ! I tried my best
To drive that image from my breast,
And keep me true to thee.
But love had made and marred my lot
Before we met, and one less true—
Than thou, had changed the world for me.

And yet, perhaps she did but yield
To father's threat and mother's art ;
She might have purposed to be true,
Perhaps—perhaps—I never knew—
Our parting was so swift.
Love one day ours, and all life's field
A-bloom with hope—then forced apart
By wider widths than death's drear drift.

Then I went mad, and mocked at life,
And jeered at all its precious things,
At manhood's faith, and woman's truth,
And spilled the ruddy wine of youth
With wilful, wasteful hand.
I stood with all the world at strife,
Till life was poisoned at its springs,
And clogged with dust, and choked with sand.

IN AN OLD PALACE.

But in the end there came to me
An angel in a woman's guise,
She touched my wounds with balm divine,
She poured therein love's oil and wine,
And closed my heart's wide rent.
My love was dead, but I was free,
And could be faithful. Was it wise?
God knows; she said she was content.

And I was faithful, if one call
That faith, which no desires assail;
I could not give her love for love,
But still, I held her far above
Her younger, lovelier peers.
And when, in aftertime, the call
Of death came with an infant's wail
God knows I made her grave with tears.

But ah, the babe! the little child!
The wailing, wee, unmothered one,
How closely to my heart hath crept
The daughter since the mother slept.
She is my own, my own,
The one clean thing and undefiled,
Life holds for me beneath the sun,
And she is mine—as yet—alone

I look from out my window-seat,
To see my dainty daughter pass ;
Fair as the world's first morning time,
Just rounding to the tender prime
 Of girlish blossoming.
A sight that makes my old heart beat ;
She stands like Flora on the grass,
 By the white statue of the Spring.

And must I lose her ? Can I give
My tender maiden from my side ?
And to his son—mine ancient foe,
The man who wronged me years ago ?
 My daughter, it is hard !
How much the heart can bear, and live,
How much forego of hate and pride,
 Lest its one darling's life be marred !

Fate wills it so, my little dove,
I will not part thy love from thee,
His noble face is full of truth,
The unspent heritage of youth
 Lies yet within his hand.
The father took my early love,
The son will take my child from me,
Nor sire, nor son, could I withstand.

Ah well, he hath his mother's face,
And his dear mother's grave is green,
And since the father, too, lies low,
And since the wrong was long ago,

My heart says, I forgive.
The lad is worthy of our race,
His heart is brave, his hands are clean,
If love be life, then let them live.

She glides across the oaken floor,
And in the ancient doorway stands,
I look around the pictured wall,
No stately lady of them all,

Hath charms so rarely blent,
And one comes with her through the door,
With eager eyes and outstretched hands.

Her lover. Child, I am content!

June.

THE winds of summer softly pass
 Across the daisied meadow-grass,
 Ripe for the shining scythe, alas !
 The merry sunbeams glitter through
 The leaves, from skies of azure hue,
 But thunder clouds will mar the blue.

The sea lies sleeping in the sun,
 Like some great monarch, feasting done—
 Like some great warrior, victory won.
 Full softly curl the little waves,
 The children play in empty caves—
 And yet the sea hath countless graves.

How gaily rocks yon little bark,
 How loudly o'er me sings the lark,
 And yet the world seems very dark.
 Ah, me, my heart ! the sapphire skies
 Are broad and bright, the shadow lies
 Not on the earth, but in mine eyes.

It lies upon my heart, alas !
But if, with time, the shadow pass,
Then shall I see the greenest grass ;
Then shall I feel in sunshine strong
No fear of thunder all day long,
And sweet will be the gay lark's song.

And from the shadow I may win
The strength I crave to conquer sin,
A peace to fold my spirit in ;
So my poor heart, when past its noon,
May be more restful, more in tune,
By lessons learned in shadowed June.

Longfellow.

WE loved his songs, they sounded sweet
 And true, in English ears;
 And though our lands are parted wide,
 The New World Singer who has died,
 Shall have our English tears.

For in our homely English hearts
 He liveth evermore:
 He seemed our own; he spake our tongue,
 And all the simple songs he sung
 We added to our store.

For us, as for his native land,
 He smote the sounding lyre;
 To us, as to the younger birth
 Of men, that people western earth,
 He spake in words of fire.

And though that hallowed dust of his
Claims not from us a grave;
Though on the turf above his breast,
Our English daisies cannot rest,
Nor English yew-trees wave;—

Yet in old England's proudest fane
We give his marble room,
And there is builded, far apart,
For him in England's inmost heart,
A solemn sacred tomb.

A monument that will endure,
Though marble shall decay:
The memory of the Poet's life,
That far from mammon's sordid strife,
Shone to the perfect day.

The memory of the Poet's song,
That thrilled us to the core,
That captive held the errant thought,
Until the lesson that it brought
Was learnt for evermore.

His grave is green in his own land,
Washed by the western wave,
But let the Old World and the New,
Since both have loved, and found him true,
Clasp hands across that grave.

“Missing!”

 HERE is the Atalanta? the good ship
 That bore across the ocean English boys
 And bearded English seamen in their prime.
 Where is the Atalanta? was the cry
 When “Overdue” was all we heard of her:
 Where is the Atalanta? asked the land,
 And “Missing” came the mournful answer back.
 Where is the Atalanta? rose the wail
 Of panting hearts in dread of dreadful woe,
 “Where is the ship that holds our dearest hopes,
 The missing ship that carried our young lives?”
 Then came the answerless sad answer—“Lost!”

Another ship gone down on God’s great deep,
 Another venture foundered on its way;
 And not a soul escaped to tell the tale
 Of how the Atalanta met her fate.
 Went she to doom beneath the tempest’s shock,
 Amid the crash of God’s great thunder-bolts,
 Swift-smitten with the ocean’s sudden rage?

Or sank she down beneath a smiling sky,
A tropic warmth upon the waves, and songs
That echoed in her timbers, till they changed
Unto the cries, harsh, dissonant, and strained,
Of human souls a-face with sudden death ?
Was she drawn down beneath the bubbling waves,
By some strange monster of the foreign deep,
Some kraken larger, stronger than his tribe,
Whose slimy arms, wide-stretching, wrapped her
round,
And crushed her sides, and slew her goodly crew,
And dragged her wreck beneath the summer seas ?

Or hath she, after drifting out of course,
Lighted on some fair island far away,
A "New Atlantis" with a "Stranger's House,"
Where wearied, sick, and sorrowful may rest ;
Some haven like that port in southern seas,
Fabled by England's great Philosopher ?
Or hath she touched the lotus-eater's land,
Where under mystic sun and foliage strange,
Her charmèd crew dream on in peaceful ease,
Without a thought of country, love, or home ?

Ah, no ! the cry that bursts from England's heart,
The wail of widow, orphan, weeping maid,
Would break the subtlest charm of fabled isles,
And bring the Atalanta home in haste.

No! she hath sailed unto a darker shore,
With all her freight of manhood and young hope,
And to that port where English men and boys
Unknowing drifted, we in turn must go;
Now it is we, not they, are overdue,
Now it is we, not they, who missing are,
But in our faithful hearts we know that those
Who set out homeward in that fated ship,
Are lost no longer—they have made their port;
And wheresoe'er the Atalanta lies,
They wait for us in that far, fairer world,
Whereof God sayeth there is no more sea.

October.

THROUGH autumn fields close-reaped and bare,
Her quiet pathway lies ;
October's breeze is on the air,
And in October's skies
A yellow sun hangs round and low,
While all the woodlands are a-glow.

She goes with messages of love
To sad and humble homes,
Where light, as from a world above,
With her fair presence comes :
Where lips, long used to sin and shame,
Find softer tones to speak her name.

She hath no harvest of her own,
In all the fruitful land,
No happy field with love-seed sown,
No wealth at her command :
But she hath chosen—with a heart
Made great by grief—the better part.

Her life is bleak and very bare,
She hath no field nor vine,
But God hath given to her care
The heavenly corn and wine,
The healing balm, the oil of mirth,
To pour for weary ones of earth.

So hath the autumn of her life
October's cheery glow,
Though never man may call her wife,
Though she may never know
The earthly joys of home and love,
Her harvest waves on plains above.

Parkhurst.

(THE CONVICTS' GRAVEYARD.)

A GREEN enclosure fenced around
 With time-toned walls of dusky red,
 High walls, whereon grey lichen clings,
 Whereon the tender ivy flings
 Its green and gracious veil :
 Sad walls, that mark with narrow bound
 This dwelling of the nameless dead,
 Far from the church's holy pale.

Stout English oak-trees wave a-near,
 And beeches in their summer green ;
 Upon the hillside, close at hand,
 Lies many a slope of smiling land,
 Blue flax and yellow corn ;
 And through the sunshine warm and clear,
 That bathes in gold the sylvan scene,
 Comes many a sound of labour born.

The wild birds carol, mad with glee,
And fling their songs adown the slope;
Within the forest ebb and flow
A thousand tides of life, aglow
With gladness brief and bright;
The far-off murmur of the sea
Throbs minor in the strain of hope
That Nature sings with deep delight.

I enter through the narrow gate,
And stand among the grassy graves;
God's acre ! aye, though here do lie
Poor hearts, whose birthright, liberty,
Was forfeited and lost:
God's acre ! though the dead that wait
His call in this green spot, were slaves
To sin, poor outlaws, passion-tossed.

God's acre ! though no rain of tears
Despairing fell from human eyes,
What time the soul returned to God,
What time the delver stirred the sod
To make another grave:
No mother tends through all the years
A dear, green spot; with tears and sighs,
And blessed hopes to make her brave.

No father rears with lavish hand
 A stone above the cherished dead,
 His love and longing to rehearse,
 With broken column, holy verse,
 And carven blossoms pale :
 No sisters come, a gentle band,
 Their quick and tender tears to shed,
 For parted love beyond the veil.

But Nature breathes her softest balm,
 Upon this lonely, silent place :
 Where human grief must needs be dumb,
 Where loving footsteps cannot come,
 Sweet Nature does her best :
 Her winds do chant a solemn psalm
 Of God's great love, of God's good grace,
 Of troubled hearts that be at rest.

And over every grave she writes
 A blessed message in a flower ;
 Here, broidering fair the new-turned mould,
 The daisy spreads its white and gold
 Like long-lost innocence ;
 Or like those sinless, sweet delights
 That blest life's happy childhood-hour,
 Ere joy was turned to penitence.

Here, on a grave of elder make,
The yellow crowfoot glads the grass
With all its wealth of ruddy gold,
Like youth's ambitions, bright and bold,
That autumn sweeps away :
And here, a wanderer from the brake,
The bramble spreads to winds that pass
Green shoots and blossoms silver-grey.

And on a hillock older still,
Where greenest grass and mosses creep,
A strawberry hath taken root,
And tender blossoms, blushing fruit,
Spring from the dead man's dust :
Though poison-flower and fruit of ill
Were his when living—let him sleep—
For God shall judge us, Who is just.

Yea, God shall judge us. Those who lie
In England's proudest sepulchre,
Their country's idols. Those who sleep
Uncoffined in the mighty deep ;
And those in churchyard bed
Unvaulted save by God's blue sky ;
Those sleeping in the city's stir ;
And these poor, shameful, nameless dead.

Although the sound of human woe
In this lone place is never heard,
Though every humble, grassy mound
In this sad spot of graveyard ground
 Is nameless and unknown,
Yet truest hearts have ached to know
Of latest look, of latest word,
 When some poor soul passed out alone.

And here in heart poor mothers come,
Although they never see the spot;
Here, doubly-widowed, weeps the wife
For one, wide-parted while in life;
 And here the sister's prayer,
Breathed from the shelter of sweet home
For one beloved and unforget,
 Seems floating on the tranquil air.

I hold my breath, 'tis hallowed ground,
And haunted by a sacred spell;
Ah, heaven ! to see these graves so green,
And then to think what might have been !
 I humbly bow mine head ;
Oh Thou ! with Whom is mercy found,
Who only doest all things well,
Guard Thou this graveyard and its dead !

Passion Flowers.

 SHE takes them from the warm south side
 Of her fair house at eventide,
 Her fragile fingers blend
 The flowers for churchyard wreath and cross,
 Symbolic of a love and loss
 Whercof she knows no end.

Far, far behind her in the haze
 Of years and tears, those early days
 Of love and sorrow lie :
 She was a wife, on one true breast
 Her troubled girlhood found a rest,
 In glad security.

Together in youth's morning time,
 Their hearts rang true to true love's chime,
 Through never-weary hours ;
 Together, standing in the sun,
 They pulled with gladness one by one,
 Love's purple passion flowers.

But Death stole grimly to their side,
And reft the bridegroom from the bride,
 Her marriage coronet
Was scarcely laid with blushes down,
Ere on her curls of chestnut-brown
 The widow's cap was set.

She was a wife, true wife to one
Whose noble race was swiftly run,
 And, faithful to love's creed,
She, made a widow in her youth,
Hath kept her first, her fairest truth,
 And widowed is indeed.

He left her lonely when the springs
Of life were fullest, when love clings
 With passion to its mate;
She dropped the purple flowers of love
Among the grass that waved above
 His grave—and learned to wait.

She gave him all she had in life,
Her fair fond self, a perfect wife,
 With dower of hope and youth;
She gives him all she has in death,
Her chaste white life, untouched by breath
 Or hint against her truth.

She waits—no longest year shall bring
To her a second spousal ring,
 No other marriage hours;
She waits, until by Eden's tide,
The bridegroom gathers for his bride
 The fadeless passion flowers!

Patience.

HOLD thou mine hand, beloved, as we sit
Within the radiance of our winter fire,
Watching the dainty shadows as they flit
On wall and ceiling, as the flames leap higher.
Hold thou mine hand, beloved, with the calm,
Close clasp of love assured and at rest,
And let the peace of home, a blessed balm,
Fall on us, folding faithful breast to breast.
Hold thou mine hand, beloved, while I speak
Of all thy love hath done and borne for me,
The stronger soul supporting still the weak,
The good hand giving royally and free ;
The tender heart that put man's roughness by,
To wipe weak tears from eyes too seldom dry.

I touch this thing and that, thy pretty gifts,
The silver zone, the jewelled finger-ring,
The outward symbols of a love that lifts
My fate and me beyond life's buffeting.
Yet, oh, thrice generous giver ! there remains
A thing for which I have not thanked thee yet,
Thy patience—through the long years with their
pains—

Thy patience with my weakness and regret.
Ah, let me thank thee now with falling tears,
Tears of great joy, and deep serene content,
And God be thanked that through the weary years
We saw together ere our lives were blent—
Although the years wore desolate and long,
Thy patience matched thy love, and both were strong!

Tay Bridge.

DEC. 28, 1879.

THROUGH all the darkling horror of the storm,
They went upon their way, those fated ones;
The kiss of love, perhaps, upon their lips,
The echoes of "God-speed" upon their ears;
Yet of love's kiss was born no subtle power
To warn of danger on the way before,
Nor had love's farewell one mysterious tone
To whisper of the awful Nevermore:
But warm with life, with energy, with hope,
From firelight of their hearths, from roofs of friends,
They went their way in dark December's storm;
They went their way—but whither did it tend !

Perhaps they heard the music of the bells,
Calling on faithful hearts to come and pray
In God's fair temples on that Sabbath eve,
That last sad Sunday of the saddened year;

And well that night of nights might prayer arise
Through weird and solemn pauses of the storm,
For all who were "afflicted or distressed,"
Since while the worshippers were kneeling still
In temples decked with Christmas evergreen,
Death put his awful sickle forth, and reaped
A sudden, goodly harvest on the Tay !

There was no space for wailing cries of dread,
No time for wringing hands nor wiping tears ;
One moment they were drawing life's full breath
And in the next Death's palsy smote them dumb.
One moment they were speeding on their way,
A dangerous way between the wave and sky,
And in the next a cloud-crossed moon looked down
Upon the chasm of a broken bridge,
Upon the boiling waters of the stream,
Where youth and maiden, age and little child,
Through storm and tempest unto death went down.
There was no sound of human agony,
No anguished shriek to tell of sudden doom,
God's voice was louder in His raging wind,
In furious rolling of His angry waves,
Than crash of falling bridge or human shriek.

The morning sun will glisten on the Tay,
The evening breeze will ripple o'er its breast,
Memorials of the lost will come to shore
Clutched at and hoarded by sore-stricken hearts;

The lost themselves may float in battered guise
Unto the feet of those who watch and wait;
The bridge may link again its fairy chain
And stand with graceful poise in heaven's blue air,
But whither have *they* floated, the glad hopes
Of beating hearts that waited a new year?
Where is the love, the gladness, that went down
Into the seething waters of the Tay?
Where are the dreams, ambitions, wishes, aims,
Which filled the souls of those devoted ones?
The bridge may span the watery space again,
But what shall bridge the blank of broken lives?
What shall raise hope from out the waters dark
Of sudden sorrow, and build life anew?

No earthly power. But God will find a way;
No bridge of earth's device may span the gulf
That yawns between the mourners and their dead,
But faithful hearts will make their faithful grief
A bridge between the better land and ours,
Where angel messengers may come and go;
Until themselves, upon the King's Highway,
Do pass secure o'er Death's dark water-flood,
And meet their lost ones by another tide,
A tide that hath no storm, no ebb nor flow,
The river of the flood that maketh glad
The City and the Kingdom of our God!

The One Ewe Lamb.

WHAT bitter words were said to-night
W Beside my hearthstone desolate !
 What maddening sorrow brake the gloom
 Of this for-ever-haunted room
 When solemn twilight fell,
 And I, new-robbed of my delight,
 Came homeward, all at war with Fate,
 And deafened by her funeral knell !

Before the daisied sods were placed
 Upon her grave, my one-year wife,
 Before the blossoms, fresh and fair.
 Were hidden from the outer air
 Upon her coffin-lid,
 A stranger claimed with awful haste
 The right to weep for that spent life,
 Nor could I those hot tears forbid.

He came from far-off land of gold,
Whose shores the southern waters lave;
He came to scatter at her feet
World's wealth and love's, to make complete
 Their lives with perfect end;
To claim her promise given of old,
And found the silence of a grave,
 Without the right that grave to tend,

And I, to whom they gave her hand,
With full assurance of her heart,
I, who a year ago laid down
The dream of fame that was to crown
 The scholar's round of toil,
And lived to guard my wife; I stand
Aghast, confounded at the part
 I played, my darling's life to spoil.

I thought to make her so content,
I thought that love must answer love,
I spent the wealth that God had given
As freely as the dews of heaven,
 To beautify her lot;
I fenced with love the way she went,
I hung love's canopy above,
 But now I know she heeded not.

She was my wife, she wore my ring,
My jewels shone upon her breast,
And while I thought that time would be
A friend to my young wife and me,
 And bind us soul to soul,
Like wandering dove upon the wing,
Her wounded spirit found no rest,
 I had no power to make her whole.

One year she went upon her way,
The mistress of mine ancient halls,
One year she blessed my quiet life,
One year—one little year—my wife,
 And now the tale is told;
I laid her in her grave to-day,
But on that grave the shadow falls
 Of one she loved in days of old.

“ My one ewe lamb ! ” he said to me,
This evening when the twilight fell,
“ The poor ewe lamb her owners sold
To thee for shameful greed of gold,
 My lamb that thou hast slain ;
For it was death to link to thee
The beating heart that loved me well,
 And she hath perished of her pain.”

And then he cursed me in his grief :
Oh God ! I could find curses too,
To think of all my wasted cares,
My love, my longings, and my prayers,
For one weak woman's heart :
But bitter words bring no relief
For love so old, for grief so new ;
No curse hath healing for a smart.

She was my wife, she wore my ring,
But now I know she was my slave,
I know each tender look and smile
Came from a heart that ached the while
For love of one away ;
I could not win that blessed thing,
Her girlish love—the gift she gave
Another in a far-off day.

He, coming home to claim his wife,
Lies prone upon the churchyard sod;
And I would gladly die to win
The peace my wife lies folded in ;
My wife ! my wife, said I ?
Ah, Heaven ! the riddle of this life
Is hard to read. She is with God,
Nor can I claim her though I die.

She was my wife, but was not mine.
I bought her, as he said, with gold,
But in my heart of hearts I am
Clean from all hurt of his ewe lamb;
 I did not buy a wife,
But had no instinct to divine
Between a heart free-given or sold;
 And so I wrecked my darling's life.

To the Memory of
MRS. ELEANOR A. ROLLIT.

Mayoress of Kingston-upon-Hull.

Died Jan. 11th, 1885.

Aged 31 years.

FORTH from the shelter of a love-lit home,
 From clinging arms that fain had held her close,
 Until life's threescore years and ten had laid
 Their snows upon her forehead, she hath passed ;
 Crowning a fair life consecrate to good,
 By a fair death ; obedient to God's call,
 She left the work in hand, to find a task
 Set for her in a better world than ours.

In the mid blossom-time of womanhood,
 When life was fullest, and when love was dear,
 When all for whom she laboured spake her praise,
 And her good name was blessed in the gates,
 God spake full gently : " I have need of thee,
 Come thou up hither to a higher work ! "
 Ah ! then what booted love's imploring cry,
 What power had tears to stay the dread behest ;
 An angel came with rush of outspread wings,
 And when he parted, after awful pause,
 Two angels soared together to the Sun.

Ah ! lonely mourners by the empty hearth,
New-widowed husband and unmothered child,
Grief is too fresh for words to comfort you :
Yet are ye blessed in your sorrow, she
For whom ye weep was worthy of your tears,
And pride in her is mingled with your woe ;
But still love shivers in her empty place,
And all the world seems cold since she is gone .

She in the rich glad morning of her days
Hath made, by sudden journey, the great Port
To which, or soon or late, we all must go.
For you, bereft, the tears of grief, for her
The peace and joy of farthest Paradise,
For you the mourner's wreath and cross, for her
The crown of golden lilies and the palm,
For you the narrow tasks of earth, for her,
Great work for ever in the Master's sight.

Ah ! let love plead with sorrow, she hath gained
Far more than you have lost, she doth but wait
Safe housed from tempest in that fair, far land,
Till God make up His jewels—then one clasp
Shall bind together husband, wife and child .

Two Children.

I.

KENNETH.

DECEMBER 13TH, 1879.

HAIL, little one ! that ere the Christmas bells
 Peal their glad tidings to the listening earth
 Comest from God, who gives thee happy birth
 To happy parents. With what rapture swells
 That strong maternal heart to which is given
 Another tie to earth, a link to heaven.

Hail, little one ! the chill December wind
 Blowing a snow-storm hither, wails without ;
 But thou art wrapped around, and fenced about
 With love's fond tendance, love that longs to find
 New words to welcome thee, new ways to prove
 The holy earnestness of parents' love.

Hail, little one ! Fair, winter blooming Rose !
 Bright from thy birth-bower on the heavenly sod,
 Sweet with new breathings of the breath of God
 Upon thy spirit,—to a world of woes
 Thou comest, but celestial ones they be
 To whom God giveth charge concerning thee.

They bear thee up in strong, seraphic arms,
They lay thee softly in the close embrace
Of thy good mother, and the charmèd space
Around thy cradle they have blessed from harms :
Eyes that see God,—eyes that no more shall weep
Watch tireless, smiling o'er thine infant sleep.

God bless thee, Baby, bless thy budding life,
Thy mother's love so passionate and strong,
Thy mother's heart, that makes her cradle-song
A thousand times more eloquent and sweet
Than those rich strains the people love to greet
With loud and long applause and friendly strife.
God bless thy life with sunshine and soft shower
To perfect blossoming, sweet Winter Flower!

II.

JEAN.

NOVEMBER 30TH, 1882.

Thy mother gave thee, little one,
A name to poets dear;
The simple, tender Scottish name,
That Robert Burns, beloved of fame,
Made all the world to hear.

"Heaven's armful," ran the poet's strain
 Of praise for his heart's queen,
"Heaven's armful," surely they may say,
 To whom on that November day
 God sent thee, little Jean !

For heaven seems smiling in thy face,
 Awaking or asleep ;
Heaven's sunshine glads thy features fair,
 And gilds the pretty rings of hair
 That o'er thy forehead creep.

Heaven's sunshine glints in thy young eyes,
 Deep wells of peace serene ;
God grant thee sunshine all thy life,
 To gild the joy, to glad the strife,
 Bright, bonny little Jean !

Thy mother, looking on thy face,
 Forecasts the coming time,
The days of childhood flutter by,
 And that prophetic mother-eye
 Beholds thee in thy prime.

Ah ! grow thou like her, little one ;
 To her the gift is given,
To touch the weary soul, to cheer
 By counsel high, and friendship dear
 Hearts losing sight of heaven.

God may not give thee as to her,
His blessed gift of song ;
But earth's sublimest harmonies
From gentle lives and good, arise
In music grand and strong.

And God shall set life's strain for thee,
With pauses soft between ;
Thy song as daughter, sister—wife—
Nay, dear, we cannot guess thy life ;
God give thee all His best delight,
God keep thy hands and spirit white,
Bright blessed little Jean !

Two Portraits.

HBAR the door on friends to-night,
And sit me here alone, apart,
By mine own hearth-fire, red and warm,
While round the house an angry storm
Blows, wild with wind and rain ;
I sit me down alone to fight
A silent battle with my heart,
While yet the strife is not in vain.

Two pictures in my hands I take,
It is with these I have to do ;
The face of one is passing fair,
The other sweet beyond compare,
And both have tender eycs ;
One pair as placid as a lake
That mirrors Heaven's own tender blue,
And one as dark as midnight skies.

I turn me first unto the face
That holds my manhood in its thrall.
The reddest rose cannot eclipse
The perfect crimson of those lips,
 That seem with smiles to stir;
The soft black tresses interlace
Upon her forehead white, and all
 That lovely is unites in her.

My soul goes down before that smile,
Before the magic of those eyes;
Hot pulses set my cheeks afame
If but a stranger speak her name.
 The clasping of her hand—
The hand I held in mine erewhile—
Hath power to bid emotions rise
 That put me past mine own command.

Yet looking on that face to-night,
By this red hearth-fire here apart,
My soul becomes a prey to doubt,
My nature's better part speaks out
 With solemn warning voice,
“Yield not thyself to false delight,
That rose hath thorns to wound thine heart,
Pass on, and make a nobler choice.”

TWO PORTRAITS.

The red lips wear a mocking smile,
Alas ! I fear me, holy prayer
Hath never passed those portals through,
Since pleasures dried the childish dew
 They wore in far-off years ;
The melting eyes with lure and wile,
Peep out from cluster of her hair,
 But never soften into tears.

The hand that lightly holds the rose
With such a free imperious grace,
Hath it been ever raised to lift
The poor from out the mire, to gift
 The wretched with relief ?
Alas ! I know, and she too knows,
She is not worthy of my race,
 And yet I love her to my grief.

She is not meet to stand beside
My mother, in mine ancient home ;
She is not pure enough to rear
An heir unto my father's heir ;
 And yet my weak heart clings
About her, rocked on passion's tide,
Like some lost boat on ocean's foam,
 Far out of sight of better things.

I turn me to the other face—
My mother's—framed in silver hair;
Oh, lady! tender, brave and true,
With smiling in those eyes of blue,
Upon whose life benign
Fell never shadow of disgrace,
I may have given thee cause for care,
But not for shame, dear mother mine!

No, not for shame, not yet, not yet;
Oh, mother! in the byegone years,
When by thy side my book I spelt,
When at thy knee I trusting knelt,
And spake the holy Name;
I might be doomed to bring regret,
To strike the bitter fount of tears,—
I was not meant to bring thee shame.

Nay! let me rather to the grave
Go childless, when my day is done,
And let the home of my old race
Become a stranger's dwelling-place,
Before I weakly share
The life my noble mother gave,
With one unworthy of her son,
Though beautiful beyond compare.

TWO PORTRAITS.

I am but bound as Samson was,
With "seven green withs" of passion's growth,
The secret of my strength I kept,
Though my Delilah prayed and wept;
 And I can break apart
Her bonds, like swaths of summer grass;
And be she tender, be she wroth,
 Take from her hold my captive heart.

Two pictures lie within my gaze,
I turn me from the fairer face;
The choice is made, my mother dear,
Thou hast no shame from me to fear,
 I break the charmer's spell;
I turn my feet from dangerous ways,
From luring eyes, from fatal grace,
 And bid false love a long farewell!

Work.

¶ Of some great angel spake to me to-night
In awful language of the unknown land,
Bidding me choose from treasure infinite,
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand
The thing I coveted, what should I take?
Fame's wreath of bays? the fickle world's esteem?
Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,
And world's applauding passeth as a dream.
Should I choose love to fill mine empty heart,
With soft, strong sweetness as in days of old?
Nay, for Love's rapture hath an after-smart,
And on Love's rose the thorns are manifold.
Should I choose Life with long-succeeding years?
Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.

I would choose Work, and never-failing power
To work without weak hindrance by the way,
Without recurrence of the weary hour
When tired, tyrant Nature holds its sway
Over the busy brain and toiling hand.
Ah! if an angel came to me to-night,
Speaking in language of the unknown land,
So would I choose from treasure infinite.
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
The tireless strength for never-ending task,
Is not for this life, but beyond the grave
It may be I shall find the thing I ask:
For I believe there is a better land,
Where will, and work, and strength go hand in hand.

Historical Ballads.

THE BALLAD OF BOTHWELLHAUGH.

1570.

Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was deprived by the Regent Moray of his estates after fighting for Mary Stuart at Langside. His wife retired to her patrimonial estate of Woodhouselee. This, though not the property of Bothwellhaugh, had been bestowed by the Regent on Sir John Bellenden, who coming to take possession, thrust out the young wife (only one day before a mother) into the deep snow of a midwinter night. She died next day after wandering the night in frenzy through the woods. Her husband, who was concealed for fear of his life in the house of his kinsman, Archbishop Hamilton of Linlithgow, determined to take the Regent's life, regarding him as the primary cause of the evil.

I.

He fought at Langside for the queen, a gallant knight and good,

For bonny Mary's royal cause the foeman he withstood.

For bonny Mary's crown and throne he shed his Scottish blood.

Oh ! far and fast they rode that day who fought for Mary's cause,

Oh ! far they fled who drew the sword for Scotland's ancient laws,

With sullen murmurs of defeat not victory's glad applause.

The bonny lands of Bothwellhaugh were forfeit to the foe,
Proud Moray parted to his friends wild heath and broomy
knowe,
And when the fugitive went free, he had not where to go.

"There is one spot," said Bothwellhaugh, "from foot of
traitor free,
My wife, fair Margaret, holds her own, a trusty dame is she,
They cannot touch her heritage, then ho ! for Woodhouselee.

Now bear me far, and bear me fast, my gallant chestnut
steed,
As if we thundered to the fight, put on thy fiery speed,
I go to comfort with my love, my Margaret in her need."

II.

Oh ! far he rode, bold Bothwellhaugh, and fast the chest-
nut sped,
But ere he came to Woodhouselee he reined the horse's
head,
For tidings met him on the way that turned his heart to
lead.

Beside the highway, crouching down upon a mossy stone,
Her dim eyes shadowed from the light, he saw an ancient
crone;
"Now this should be my wife's old nurse, what doth she
here alone ? "

"Thou comest late, bold Bothwellhaugh, too late they set
thee free,
The traitor's foot is on thy hearth, go not to Woodhouselee,
Dame Margaret and thy one-day child no more have need
of thee.

But whet thy blade, brave Bothwellhaugh, there's dark
work to be done,
Now nay, there is no need to haste, thou hast no living son,
And fair dame Margaret's blue eyes will see no more the
sun."

"Speak, woman, speak," cried Bothwellhaugh, "art com-
passed by a spell?
I am a man, and I can bear." "The deed I have to tell
Is darker than thy darkest thought, a deed as black as hell!"

She laid her hand upon his arm, a lean and skinny paw,
Her eyes were lit with savage fire, yet full of sombre awe,
And in a hushed and solemn tone she spake to Bothwell-
haugh.

"Dame Margaret held her peaceful state while thou wast
far away,
She kept the hearth-fire bright for thee, in hope by night
or day,
That to the Sinclair's home unwatched, thy hunted feet
might stray.

But Moray, parting out thy lands, gave quiet Woodhouse-
lee,
Thy wife's old home, to Bellenden, who flew in savage glee,
To take possession of the spoil. List, Bothwellhaugh, to
me !

She lay in child-bed white and weak, thy babe upon her arm,
But one day had he nestled there, in shelter safe and warm,
When on a sudden, peace gave place to sounds of wild alarm.

In savage haste brake through the doors the ruffian
Bellenden,
With cry and curse and ribald cath, that shame to honest
men
Laid hands upon my panting bird. Where was her husband
then ?

I flung myself about his feet ; 'I'll have my own,' sware he,
'No rebel, no, nor rebel's kin, shall keep fair Woodhouse-
lee,'
And then he, cursing, drove us forth, thy dame, thy babe,
and me.

Oh ! black the night, Lord Bothwellhaugh, and deep the
winter snow,
Oh ! rough and rugged was the way that we were forced
to go ;
The young babe died upon my arm. God saw the mother's
woe !

He saw the woe she could not bear, and touched the
tortured brain,
She lost the sense of anguish keen, for madness followed
pain;
Oh God! to see that broken flower my tears fell down like
rain."

"And then"—cried tortured Bothwellhaugh, the anger in
his blood
Curbed like the rage of some great beast by stronger will
subdued—
"Oh! then the morning dawned upon two corpses in the
wood!"

Hót words were frozen on his tongue, he had no power to
speak,
Tears, wrung like life-drops from the heart, rolled slowly
down his cheek;
"Now think not, nurse," he said at length, "that grief
hath made me weak.

These tears are Margaret's dear due, I count them one by
one,
So many for my murdered wife, so many for my son,
So many drops of black heart's-blood shall drip ere I have
done!

Not from the breast of Bellenden, he, like a tyrant's tool,
But took the pay that he had earned, a ruffian and a fool,
But for her own 'Good Regent' shall Scotland wear the
dule!

Oh! rest thee, rest thee, darling mine, in thine untimely
grave,
And rest thee, rest thee, faithful nurse, nor thou nor I
could save;
But thou can't hate, and I can strike, and broken hearts
are brave!"

III.

The Regent rides from Stirling town, he rides for Edinboro'
In haste to seal a bloody pact for captive Mary's woe,
In haste he rides to work her ill, the false, fraternal foe!

He rides in haste, well-armed, and fenced by many a gallant
sword,
His friends and soldiers press about their own elected lord,
But through the noise of sword and spur there falls a
warning word.

"Ride not, my lord, through Linlithgow, there's death
within the gate,
Concealed in Hamilton's old house a villain lies in wait;"
"I thank thee for thy warning, Hume, but lo! it comes too
late!"

He rides him on through Linlithgow, the dark and narrow street,
Gives back a mournful echo to the tramp of horses' feet;
And Bothwellhaugh awaits him there, with hungry heart a-beat.

He bides within his kinsman's house, fast-bolted is the door,
His step is dulled by feather-down upon the gallery floor,
He loads his trusty harquebuss betimes with bullets four.

He bides his time, fierce Bothwellhaugh, his shadow will not fall,
Although the wintry sun shine out, upon the tell-tale wall,
For he hath draped the lattice panes with cloth of blackest pall.

And in the cloth a hole is cut, here gleams his savage eye,
The muzzle of his harquebuss will fit it, by-and-bye;
He bides his time, dark Bothwellhaugh, and lo ! the time is nigh !

All saddled by the garden wall the gallant chestnut steed
Stands ready, heart and hoof, to serve his master at his need;
And from the gate the lintel's gone, lest it should baulk
his speed.

The crowd sways round the Regent's horse, he rideth
slowly on,
The warning voice of Hume is still, and Moray's chance is
gone,
He rideth calmly, slowly, by the house of Hamilton.

Then Bothwellhaugh takes steady aim, no bungling fool
is he !
No 'prentice shooting at the butts ; he thinks on Wood-
houselee,
And young Dame Margaret in her grave ; the bullets
whistle free.

His keen eye follows quick as light the course the bullets
sped,
He sees the Regent's body fall across his horse's head,
“ Die, tyrant, in thy prime,” he cries, “ I have avenged my
dead ! ”

THE BALLAD OF QUEEN ELFRIDA.

I.

 HE sits all lonely in her bower upon the turret stair,
The loveliest maiden in the land, Elfrida called the
fair,
The old bower-woman combs adown the tresses of her hair.

No smile curls round the perfect lips, no laughter lights
her eye,

Close-locked upon a silken lap, her lily fingers lie,
“Why droops my princess?” cries the crone, “tell old
Gunilda why.”

“A sorry princess, I!” replies the maid with fretful frown,
“Why not a queen at once, good nurse?” Gunilda’s eyes
look down,
And meet the blue orbs in the glass. “The stars foretell a
crown.”

Elfrida passes from her bower, she glides adown the stair,
The loveliest lady in the land, Earl Olgar's only heir,
And old Gunilda's whispered words seem thrilling on the
air.

"The stars foretell a crown," she sighs, "alack! what
crown for me?
What is Elfrida's beauty worth, if none come here to see?
Oh! for the life of Edgar's court, its pomp and pageantry!"

Efrida passes down the stair, her silken garments fall—
With sound most musical upon the rushes in the hall,
And low before her footsteps bow her father's vassals all.

Earl Olgar takes her by the hand, and then with friendly
word,
Bids Athelwold, his guest, to lead his daughter to the
board,
He, looking on her face, forgets the errand of his lord.

He, looking in her eyes, forgets that Edgar sent him forth,
To see this famed Devonian maid, and test the rumour's
~~worth~~
That calls Earl Olgar's only child the flower of western
earth.

And ever to his heart he says, her watching wistfully,
" Right meet for Edgar's banquet-board and bridal bed
is she,
Right meet to wear a royal crown, but ah ! too fair for me."

Yet still he lingers by her side at banquet, dance, and song,
Till low he whispers in his heart, the tempter growing
strong,
" If Edgar look not on her face, how hath he any wrong?"

II.

" What news, what news, brave Athelwold ? " cries Edgar,
with a smile,
What news from sunny Devonshire ? Now is it worth our
while
To go a-wooing in the South, or doth report beguile ? "

He bends him low, Earl Athelwold, down-dropping on his
knee,
" Fame spake too largely, mighty king : the maid is well
to see,
Like many a country damsel, but not fair enough for thee.

Yet hath she other charms, my liege, of silver and of gold,
Broad lands and rich, and if thou give consent to Athelwold,
Myself will woo the wealthy maid, I shall not find her cold."

"Why right good speed, my Athelwold," cries out the gallant king,

"Thou art too close unto our heart to grudge thee anything,
Go, make broad lands and gold thine own, by magic of a ring."

III.

She sits all lonely in her bower, the wife of Athelwold,
Her flowing hair encircled by a coronal of gold,
The love-light vanished from her eyes, that glitter stern
and cold.

She breaks the brooding silence with a sharp and bitter cry,
"I wedded for a brighter life, that I might shine on high
Among the stars of Edgar's court in proud supremacy.

I wedded not for foolish love of Athelwold's caress,
I wedded not, like humble dame, his homely life to bless,
I looked to show among my peers my youth and loveliness."

The old bower-woman draws her near and gently strokes
adown
Beneath the golden coronal the curls of chestnut-brown,
"Ye were in haste, my bonnie bird, the stars foretold a
... crown!"

IV.

He rides him gaily through the wood, young England's
crownéd king,
Around him in the budding boughs the little brown birds
sing,
And Edgar's heart sings also for the gladness of the spring.

He sweeps the scene with eagle glance, and lo ! anon he sees
A fair and stately dwelling-place embosomed in the trees,
And to his henchman straightway cries, " Whose lands,
whose woods are these ? "

" I know not, I, my liege," replies the henchman, bowing
low.

But one was walking by the way, with feeble steps and slow,
" Ask me that question," cries the crone, " my king, I
surely know."

" Then speak, good mother," says the king, without a touch
of pride,
" The land and house are Athelwold's, the place where he
doth hide,
The loveliest lady in the land, his newly-wedded bride."

" The loveliest lady in the land ! you fable, dame, I wot,
The wife of Athelwold hath gold, but beauty not a jot.
Yet wherefore doth he mew her up in this secluded spot ? "

"I tell thee, king," Gunilda cries, "not one of that bright
band
That cluster nearest to the throne, and in thy presence
stand,
Can match with Dame Elfrida's charms, the flower of all
the land."

King Edgar turns his horse's head, "I ride to court,"
cries he,
"But I'll return with Athelwold, his wedded wife to see;
And God defend Earl Athelwold if he hath cozened me!"

V.

He kneels beside her in the dusk, and tells her all his tale,
He nothing doubts, Earl Athelwold, that love will soon
prevail,
She listens in the April dusk, her tender cheek grown pale.

He tells the story of his quest, how Edgar sent him forth,
To learn if fame had blazoned true her beauty and her
worth,
And how the king was fain to wed the flower of western
earth.

She trembles softly in the dusk, he kneeling humbly by,
Close-locked upon a silken lap her lily fingers lie,
There is no light for him to see the flashing of her eye.

"I loved thee, loved thee!" cries the earl, "I could not stand aside,
And watch while Edgar came to woo in all his pomp and pride,
And so I said 'She is not fair : ' he never thought I lied.

Now all unknowing comes the king our wedded home to see,
There is no help in all the world, but only, wife, in thee."
Thy will is mine," she slowly says, "speak, husband, fearlessly."

"Ah true and fond!" he whispers low, "I counted on thy grace,"
There is no light for him to see the passion in her face,
The April dusk is deepening round, and shadows all the place.

"Thou canst not keep thy chamber, dame, for Edgar takes no nay,
Nor bolt, nor bar, nor spoken word, his wayward step can stay,
But I, to cover mine offence, have found a subtle way.

Call old Gunilda (not to set thy other maids a-gape)
And bid her choose some garment mean, of formal cut, to drape
And in its graceless lines, disguise, the beauty of thy shape.

Then play some woman's trick to hide the glory of thine hair,
Bethink thee wife, thine honour as my dame demands this
care,
Bethink thee, wife, my life is lost if Edgar find thee fair!"

She rises softly from her seat, and speaks in tender tone,
" Fear not, my lord, thy will is mine, thy peril is my own,"
He kisses fond her unseen face, and passes out alone.

Then from the arras where she hides Gunilda creepeth
forth,
" Come busk thee, busk thee, bonny bride, thou flower of
all the earth;
For lo! King Edgar comes to-night to share thy bridal
mirth.

Come let me dress thee in thy best, thy white and golden
gown,
Come let me twine the gleaming gems among thy tresses
brown,
And let me whisper to thy heart, 'the stars foretell a
crown!'"

VI.

Elfrida passes from her bower, she steps adown the stair,
She whispers fiercely to her heart, "The coward, doth he
dare
To cheat, to keep from me the crown that I of right should
wear?"

Elfrida passes down the stair, her silken garments fall,
With sound most musical upon the rushes in the hall,
And low before her footsteps bow her husband's vassals all.

Elfrida enters into hall, she meets her husband's eye,
And gazing on her, Athelwold feels all his courage die,
He sees the snare that she hath set, and knows his hour is
nigh.

King Edgar, standing by his side, looks on the lovely face,
He sees her kneeling lowly down in all her blushing grace,
"By holy cross, Earl Athelwold, thou art in happy case!"

A courtly smile is on his mouth, but menace in his look,
And in his eyes Earl Athelwold can read as in a book,
The presage of his coming doom, the wrath that he must
brook.

VII.

Elfrida bides within her bower, the morning sun is high,
A cruel smile is on her mouth, fierce gladness in her eye,
She waits for tidings that must come full surely by-and-bye.

The morning sun shines bright without, but deep within
the wood,
A solemn shadow fills the place where two men lately stood,
The place where now dead Athelwold lies stiffening in his
blood.

King Edgar turns his horse's head, and leaves his
vanquished foe,
He rides him swiftly from the wood, for he hath far to go,
He rides with pleasure in his heart, and every pulse a-glow.

"So fare all traitors," cries the king, "his blood be on his
head,
A little while I wait until her woman's tears be shed,
And then in sight of all the land Elfrida shall be wed."

They bring the dead earl home at eve, stiff, stark, and cold
as stone,
His widow kneels beside the corse with decent sob and
moan,
But whispering to her heart, "My path is open to the
throne."

VIII.

Elfrida muses in her bower, the summer-time is past,
In carven coffin in his vault, the dead earl slumbers fast,
And through the leafless woods she hears a kingly trumpet-
blast.

"Rise up, my bird," Gunilda cries, "and don thy silken
gown,
Rise up and let me wreath with gems my darling's tresses
brown,
Rise up to greet thy lord and king. THE STARS FORETOLD
A CROWN!"



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REVIEWS (CONDENSED)

OF "POEMS AND SONNETS," 1ST ED., 1879.

"THE SPECTATOR."

These are the thoughts of a refined and cultivated woman, expressed in pleasing vers. There is often much tenderness and sweetness, as in the verses called "My Pet Name;" and, amongst others, in many of those on the flowers—on the "Heliotrope," for instance.

"SATURDAY REVIEW."

There is a good deal of grace and tenderness in Miss Stockall's verses.

"ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Very pretty, indeed, are many of the compositions contained in *Poems and Sonnets*, by Harriett Stockall, and their worth is fully established in some cases by the fact that several of them appeared in *All the Year Round*, a publication over which very careful supervision is understood to be exercised, especially as regards the quality of the verses admitted into its columns.

"COVENT GARDEN CIRCULAR."

Shows careful workmanship and poetic feeling.

"THE QUEEN."

Flowers in their strange affinity with human joys and sorrows; wedded love and the love parted by circumstance or death; the sense of discipline, and the hope of a peace only deferred to be more assured—these and the like form the staple of the book, which is never devoid of a tender and graceful suggestiveness.

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REVIEWS.

poets. To the few deservedly eminent names which might be counted on the fingers of one hand, that of the authoress of this fresh and delightful volume must be added ; and public opinion will keep it permanently on the list.

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The Poems and Sonnets of Harriett Stockall are smoothly written and pleasing in tone.

"WEST LONDON OBSERVER."

Some readers dread sitting down to a long poem, quite as much as if they were compelled to listen to a *nisi prius* trial, or to read a last century sermon on Election or Predestination. There need be no misgiving on opening this book, for brevity is not the only recommendation to be awarded. There are everywhere evidences of strong natural feeling, and a healthy elevating tone pervades the volume.

"KENSINGTON NEWS."

We were not prepared for the real treat which it has been to us to read this volume, as we have read it, from end to end. Few will be able to put it down when they once begin it. We say this in all sincerity, and we can honestly say that we have not enjoyed any collection of poems so much since first we made acquaintance with Adelaide Anne Proctor, whom, while thoroughly original, our authoress often resembles.

REVIEWS.

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE."

Miss Stockall is not only a landscape but a figure painter. There is scarcely a phase or an incident of life into which her penetrating sympathetic song does not carry her, or from which she is not able to draw wise reflection or sweet consolation. Perhaps, if anything, there is too much variety, but whatever the topic it is sure to be treated gracefully, and to have some thought drawn from it worthy of remembrance.

"KEBLE'S 'MARGATE GAZETTE.'

From first to last there runs a high tone, refined and elegant phraseology, and everywhere we find the marks of the true poetess. The writer speaks direct to our hearts in a manner that cannot fail to elevate, and which must leave the reader better than she found him.

"WINCHESTER OBSERVER."

Miss Stockall's poems, most of which are reprinted from *All the Year Round* and other periodicals, have already been welcomed by some of the leading London critics and by a large circle of readers, for their grace and tenderness. They give proof of an ear thoroughly trained to musical rhythm, and a refined and cultivated mind.

"SHREWSBURY CHRONICLE."

POEMS AND SONNETS, by Harriett Stockall.—Poets are born and not made, and amongst Nature's poets must be ranked the authoress of this charming book, who, in language of measured sweetness, appeals to our noblest instincts and excites the admiration of the reader. The songs of such a singer are welcome. Her words have the true ring of art in them, and the ring of truth. It is many a long day since we came across a writer whose poetic taste was so cultivated as hers. She possesses in an eminent degree the power of arousing the sympathy of those whom she addresses.

"MALVEEN NEWS."

Rhymes and rhythms which remind us of Tom Moore by their briskness, flow, and evenness, they are full of thought and tender feeling; thought that elevates, and feeling that is not tinctured with drowsiness or melancholy. It is too much the custom of lady poets, to take a morbid view of life—and even Mrs. Barrett Browning was not exempt from this—but Miss H. Stockall has avoided the two extremes, undue levity and sombre gloominess.



CORRESPONDENCE.

[Copy.]

Nahant, U.S.A., July 31st, 1880.

Dear Madam,—Your letter, and the volume of Poems you were kind enough to send me, have been forwarded to me at this seaside place, and I hasten to thank you for them.

I have read the poems with great pleasure and satisfaction. They are beautifully written, and full of feeling. I congratulate you upon them.

Both in spirit and execution your work is excellent. You remember that Goethe says "the spirit in which a book is written is the main thing." To the good spirit you have added the good expression.

With many thanks, I am, dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[Copy.]

Cambridge, U.S.A., Jan. 12th, 1881.

Dear Miss Stockall,—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter, and your very graceful and generous lines addressed to me.

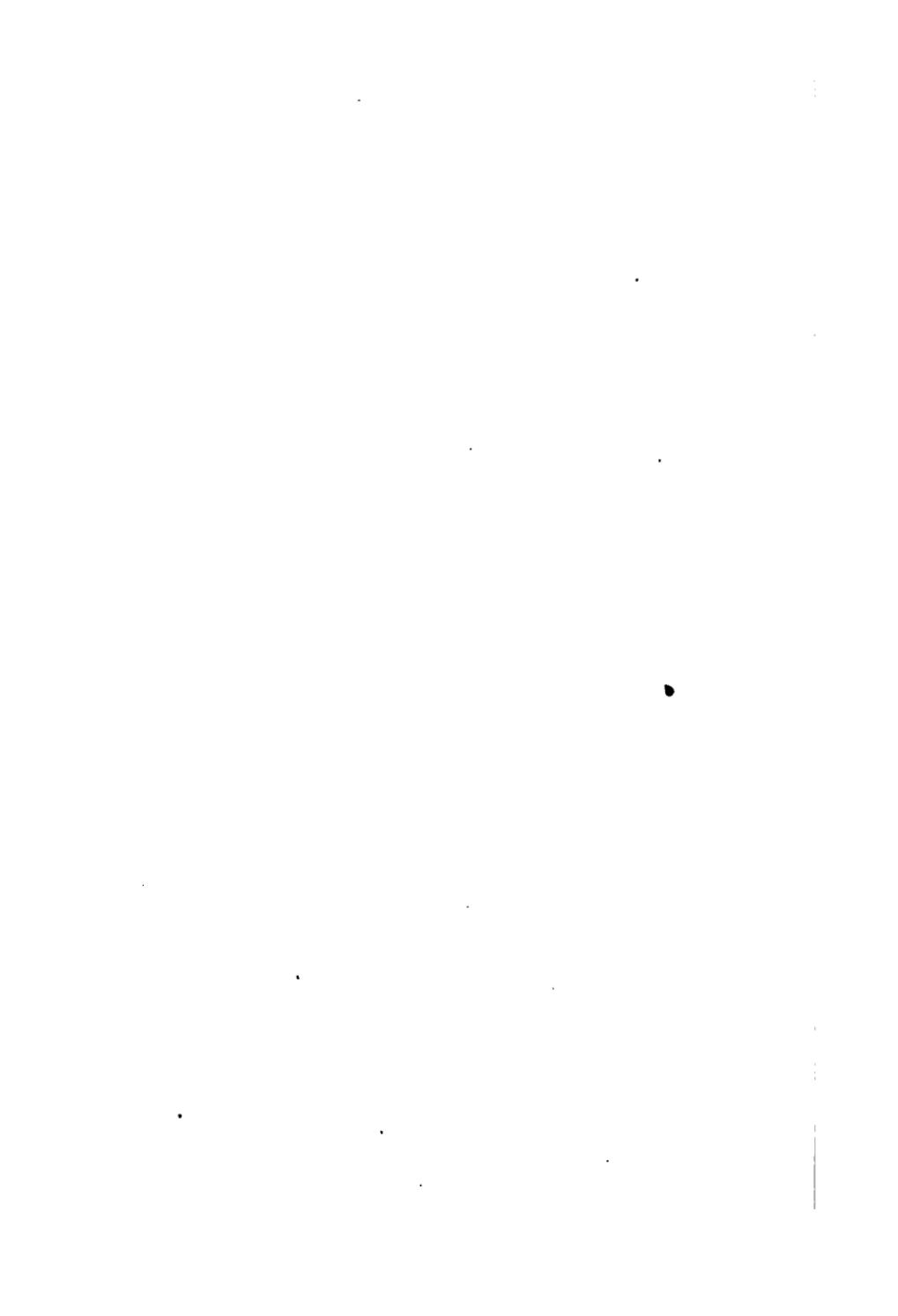
I hardly need say how happy I am to accept this proffered dedication of your Poems and Sonnets, in the new edition which you intend to bring out.

For this mark of your regard and good opinion, I beg you to accept in advance, my very sincere thanks.

With all good wishes for the New Year, I remain,

Very truly yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



REVIEWS (CONDENSED) OF THE CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, 1881.

"NEWS OF THE WORLD."

We think it was Barry Cornwall who said it had been for many years his ardent wish to see his poems published in a cheap edition, so that they might become familiarised among all classes of the people; and his wish was eventually gratified. We can imagine the authoress of these delightful poems experiencing similar gratification in seeing them, after achieving popularity at the usual rate of new publications, reproduced in an edition the price of which introduces them to peasants' cottages and workmen's homes. They will there be appreciated and loved, as they are elsewhere, for the sweet thoughts pervading them, and the simple and felicitous way wherein those thoughts are expressed. Mr. Longfellow, the best of American poets, in accepting the dedication of this volume, offers a pleasing testimony of its merits. The old poet of the New World joins hands across the Atlantic with the young poetess of the Old.

"DAILY CHRONICLE."

A pleasing volume of smooth and graceful verse, breathing a spirit of philosophic tenderness, and displaying much delicacy of feeling. The new edition is dedicated, by permission, to Longfellow, Miss Stockall paying a generous tribute to "the great poet of the Western world," with whose gentle fancy she has much in common.

"SUNDAY TIMES."

We have great pleasure in welcoming a cheap edition of Miss Stockall's excellent little volume.

"PICTORIAL WORLD,"

Miss Stockall's poems are now so well known, and have been criticised when published in other forms, that there is no need to do more than chronicle the fact of the publication of this cheap edition.

REVIEWS.

"PUBLIC OPINION."

The author certainly has the power of writing poems of real merit. Throughout the book both rhythm and metre are perfect, and most of the verses have a swing and spirit about them which are very captivating. The author exhibits considerable artistic skill, a singular mastery over the resources of language and metre, and a far insight into those elements of the world around and within us which constitute its real poetry.

"WEST LONDON OBSERVER."

Some time ago we had occasion to speak in high terms of a neat little volume of poems and sonnets from the pen of the versatile and gifted authoress, Miss Stockall. The London and provincial press were unanimous in their commendation of the volume, and eulogy of the gifted authoress. Nor was the praise confined to the British press and the British public. Henry Longfellow has borne striking testimony to the excellence of the volume. It could not be said that the first edition bore a restrictive price; but the authoress has yielded to the desire for a "cheap popular edition" of her Poems. It is dedicated to Longfellow.

"KENSINGTON NEWS."

Miss Stockall does not take a melancholy, a sceptical, or a too exclusively sentimental view of human life; the persistent and more quiet affections take in her pages the place of the more transient and turbulent, and if there is consequently less emotional exaltation in her productions they are also for that reason more profitable.

"HOLLOWAY PRESS."

Miss Stockall may claim admission to the exclusive ring of true poets—the illustrious numbers of which, we are almost afraid to say, do not increase in this utilitarian age. Polished versification we have in abundance, but true poetry seems to get rarer and rarer as the years roll on. Miss Stockall's poems have a vein of sadness running through them; but this is not by any means of an unwholesome description, being tempered by abundant resignation and trust.

"BERMONDSEY ADVERTISER."

Poems and Sonnets by Harriet Stockall. Under this unpretentious title is presented to the reader a large number of compositions

REVIEWS.

of no mean order, many of which have already appeared in *All the Year Round*. We cannot but heartily commend this volume to those who love poetry.

"BRIGHTON EXAMINER."

Poems and Sonnets. It is seldom that we have looked into a volume of miscellaneous poems with greater pleasure than we have derived from these of Miss Stockall, whose appreciation of the good and beautiful, and the power of expressing it in elegant and graceful language, is of a most exceptional kind.

"EASTBOURNE CHRONICLE."

Poems and Sonnets by Harriet Stockall. We cordially recommend Miss Stockall's book to all who have a taste for poetry of a high order.

"ESSEX WEEKLY NEWS."

Essex, and other, readers of what *Punch* calls "*All the Year Round the Second*"—to wit, the new series of that famous periodical which is now being issued weekly under the able editorship of Charles Dickens the younger—can hardly fail to have been struck with a certain family likeness which characterises a goodly number of the poetical contributions appearing in its pages. Though in no way open to the imputation of sameness, there is about these particular poems a subtle and delicate flavour, a dainty grace and glow, a tender pathos and individuality that unmistakeably proclaim them to be the work of one and the same hand, and that no "prentice han'" in the art of poesy. Lovers of poetry will welcome with keen interest and pleasure this charming little volume, which is dedicated by special permission to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who by the way, in an autograph letter to Miss Stockall has expressed himself in warm terms in regard to her literary efforts—terms which have been almost unanimously endorsed by the English Press.

"DERBY MERCURY."

We can very cordially recommend it to all lovers of really tender and beautiful lyrics. Miss Stockall's work abounds in strains of exquisite pathos; the thought is refined, and the expression graceful.

"WINCHESTER OBSERVER."

Superior to the great majority of the poetry in our magazines; thoughtful, and pleasing in style.

REVIEWS.

"BEDFORD RECORD."

The present volume of Harriett Stockall's poems comes to us like a pool in a desert ; relieving the weary sense of the monotony and trash surrounding us. The quiet thoughts of a pure heart put into the sweetest cadence of words gives us hope for better and more pure literature among us.

"MALVERN NEWS."

This is a cheap and popular edition of Miss Stockall's heart-stirring and poetic work, full of thought and beauty of form, perfect in rhymes and rhythms, features not always found in high-class poetry, written by first-class poets : here there is a smoothness in every line that falls pleasantly on the ear ; and a pathos in the sentiment which stirs the heart, elevates the feelings that are longing for rest, and points the tired and weary soul to the " Better Beyond."

"COLESHILL CHRONICLE."

We have perused, with increasing interest as we proceeded, Miss Harriett Stockall's "Poems and Sonnets," the cheap popular edition of which is dedicated by permission to Longfellow, and receives his warm commendation. This being so, we may well be spared our tribute to the excellence of Miss Stockall's lyrics.

"YORKSHIRE CHRONICLE."

There is about the volume a quiet charm and a subtle fascination which impels the reader to go on from page to page until he leaves it with regret, and with a feeling that the authoress, whoever she may be, is a genuine songster. No one can read, for instance, the twenty-two poems which are mustered together under the title of "In a Garden," without being convinced that the authoress is endowed with the poetic spirit in no small degree.

"LINCOLNSHIRE CHRONICLE."

There is a ring of healthy religious feeling in the book, and it may be cordially recommended to all who have a taste for that class of songs which "have power to quiet the restless pulse of care."

"MAN OF ROSS."

The poems contained in this little work are charming, many being bright and sparkling. All who love true poetry will find much pleasure in a perusal of its pages.



